VOGUE

SEPTEMBER 15

How to be the beauty the new fashions ask for



ADVANCE RETAIL TRADE SUPPLEMENT

opposite page 16

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evening gown
ignited with jet-black
jet beading and
black satin ribboning

Sem Larson

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on the Second Floor

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK 19
BERGDORF GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

PRIGENT PHOTOGRAPH

from the Lilli Ann Paris design studio, this marvelous new suit idea, the Paris-weight ensemble, to wear outdoors all through autumn and early winter. Fabric is fabulous fabric-of-France two-faced tweed with both faces on the job. Cognac, red, blue ... about ninety-five dollars at all stores where young and exciting fashions are being sold ... or write Lilli Ann, San Francisco or Paris.

Lilli Ann

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FABULOUS FABRIC-OF-FRANCE

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VOGUE

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

There are three Vogues: American, French, British I. S. V.-PATCÉVITCH Publisher

SEPTEMBER 15, 1956



KAREN RADKAI

COVER

The Green Hat era—reviving here the fashion for the casual city hat of more than casual prettiness: draped silk faille deeply angled over a figured veil. By Tatiana. Suit, of Lesur wool in the new glow of navy blue, by Ben Gershel, worn with a Saga Norwegian blue fox muff. All these, and the gloves by Alexette Bacmo: Saks Fifth Avenue. Among the Verdura jewels here—an emerald-eyed pin of amethysts and diamonds. The lipstick: "Cinnamon Stick" by Revlon.

FASHION

95 Vogue's eye view of twins in fashion in Paris and America
96 How to be the beauty the new fashions ask for
97 New beauty in the simple dress, the soft hat
98 New beauty in the covered evening dress
100 Paris and la belle poitrine
104 New bell shapes: evening dresses, coiffures
106 Paris hats in America now
108 Chanel tweeds in America now
110 Soft wools, tailoring on the quiet
114 Full-length romances, new full cuts for evening
116 Evening news in a few close-curved lines
124 Getting around in city fashion by Vespa
126 Mink and broadtail—new city coat cuts
128 Theatre suit; new glitter
129 Accessory news, filmed through stockings
132 Soft evening black; six-page report
138 1910 shoe ideas paced for today
142 Life with suits, three easy versions
144 The well-groomed lynx: newest fur about town
146 Vogue Patterns: brocade, any evening now
148 Foundations for the figure the new fashions ask for
150 Lingerie for the new positive black
152 Good-buys bulletin—easy September reading
154 Bulletin on black and grey: junior sizes
187 Mrs. Exeter's list

FEATURES • ARTICLES • PEOPLE

60 "Lend Me Your Ears." By David Daiches
102 Diet with a high thought-content
118 Ethel Merman, Glynis Johns, and Rosalind Russell
119 People Are Talking About . . .
121 Head of a Woman, a drawing by Albrecht Dürer
122 "Revisitation." A poem by Anne Morrow Lindbergh
124 Melissa Weston and her Vespa
156 Gossipy Memo on Travel
175 "The Plates." By Victor Barnouw
183 "The Appendix." By Nancy Grace

FASHIONS IN LIVING

140 "New Sleight of Hand for Entertaining." By Dorothea Walker
157 Château de Neuville, George Stacey's house in France
159 Report on "late-American" furniture

BEAUTY

95 Fashion news underlining new beauty needs
102 News for off-again-on-again dieters
104 Bell cuts, long or short coiffures
131 Discoveries in beauty for the new fashions

DEPARTMENTS

90 Shop Hound

The Chambre Syndicale de la Couture has requested that all publications showing Paris models from this collection publish the following line, to apply to all models shown: "Copyrighted model—reproduction forbidden." Of course, this does not apply to shops and makers who have bought the original models.



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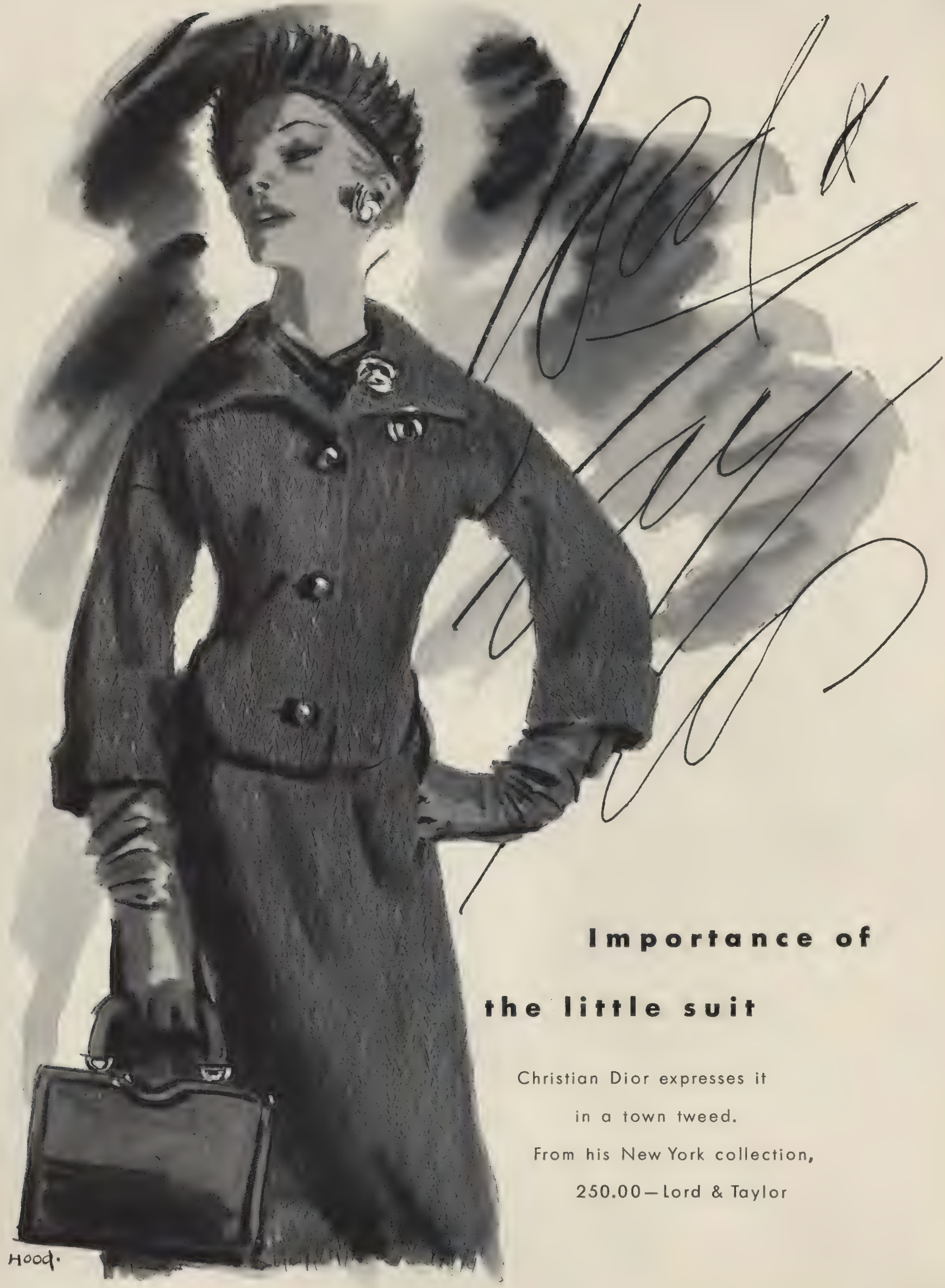
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over a cognac satin sheath.
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the little suit

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in a town tweed.

From his New York collection,

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triumph of

line and fabric —

our coat of the Empire, in wool cloth
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column of wool

swirled and toned–

a new slender mould of wool jersey
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white on beige; red and white
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that Ayres look...she may be visiting in County Dublin

or happily at home watching the Harness races at the Indiana State Fair Grounds. Here you see her intrigued by the solemn face of the Irish lad on horseback. He may wonder if every American lady is as "dathuil".* Wherever she may be she delights the eye with her sure talent for dressing with great charm and ease. She has that Ayres look — an understated elegance with an exhilarating spark. This look could only be achieved by a great store consistently developing it, pacing fashions through the seasons and over the years.

The store is L. S. Ayres & Company of Indianapolis. Photographed by William Klein in Leopardstown, Ireland, she wears an easy-curved suit by Ben Reig of a slight-stripe Lesur wool. Her hat is by John Frederics.



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September 15 **VOGUE** *Trade Edition*

Use fashions from your own collections in
newspaper advertisements and displays,
to show your customers

"How to be the beauty the new fashions ask for"

(pages 96 to 99, 102, 104, 131, 186)

New Fashions:

- *The soft veiled hat* *(pages 96 and 97)*
- *Bell shapes . . . in evening dresses, in coiffures* *(pages 104 and 105)*
- *Soft wools, tailoring on the quiet . . .*
  coats, suits, dresses *(pages 110 to 114)*
- *Soft evening black* *(pages 132 to 138)*

Second Paris report: *La Belle Poitrine . . . In America now—*
Paris hats, Chanel tweeds.

OTHER VOGUE FASHION IDEAS TO PRESENT IN YOUR PUBLICITY PLANS:

new city coat cuts in furs . . . new brilliance of colour for fashion, in stockings and accessories . . .
1910 shoe ideas, revamped for 1956 . . . the new rise of the girdle
. . . the new black lingerie to wear with the new positive blacks in fashion . . . black and grey, in junior sizes.

Fashions in living: Good "late American" furniture designs.

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ADDRESS TRADE DEPARTMENT, GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT, FOR QUANTITY RATES.

VOGUE, SEPT. 15, 1956, VOL. 128, NO. 5

Letter these "VOGUE SAYS" quotes on your window and interior display cards.

Let what "VOGUE SAYS" headline your advertisements and displays.

Beauty the New Fashions Ask For

VOGUE SAYS: "Beauty—an integral part of the fashion this year"
VOGUE SAYS: "Almost-bone-deep grooming is essential"
VOGUE SAYS: "The coiffure—softer, wider"
VOGUE SAYS: "Bell shaped coiffure—shaping up"
VOGUE SAYS: "Young looking coiffures—for new romantic hats"
VOGUE SAYS: "Shorter hair—deeply side-dipped"
VOGUE SAYS: "Long hair—dipping under its weight"
VOGUE SAYS: "Make-up—dramatically accented"
VOGUE SAYS: "Eye shadow—to illuminate the eyes"
VOGUE SAYS: "Beautiful lashes—beauty for the new face veils"
VOGUE SAYS: "Strong red lipstick—beauty for new fashion colours"
VOGUE SAYS: "Clear complexion—beauty for new face veils"
VOGUE SAYS: "A beautiful back—beauty for V backlines"

The New Fashions

VOGUE SAYS: "New fashions—more gentle, more romantic, more flattering"
VOGUE SAYS: "New bell dresses—shaping up"
VOGUE SAYS: "Short evening dress—gentle curve from above the waist"
VOGUE SAYS: "Short evening dress—for very big evenings"
VOGUE SAYS: "A dress, all shape—natural waist, slim torso"
VOGUE SAYS: "Full-length romances—new full cuts for evening dresses"
VOGUE SAYS: "Full-length evening dress—at ease in a sweater"
VOGUE SAYS: "The big-party dress—pleasantly swirled"
VOGUE SAYS: "Evening dress—gently pointed into fullness"
VOGUE SAYS: "Velvet ball dress—fullness beautifully controlled"
VOGUE SAYS: "Satin sheath—romance in closed-curved lines"
VOGUE SAYS: "The camise top dress—delicacy in lace"
VOGUE SAYS: "The camise top dress—bloused over a wide ribbon"
VOGUE SAYS: "The camise top dress—for gala evenings"
VOGUE SAYS: "Soft wools—tailoring on the quiet"
VOGUE SAYS: "Soft wool tailoring—great simplicity of line"
VOGUE SAYS: "Navy blue cashmere—terrific amount of elegance"
VOGUE SAYS: "Black wool suit—softened with fur"
VOGUE SAYS: "Soft wool jacket—beautiful curve at the waist"
VOGUE SAYS: "Tobacco tweed suit—for easy living"
VOGUE SAYS: "Suit news—easy blousing, a touch of belt"
VOGUE SAYS: "A coat with its own suit—short cut to casualness"

The Fashion for Black

VOGUE SAYS: "The black velvet dress—new beauty treatment"
VOGUE SAYS: "The dark dress, gently cut—new beauty treatment"
VOGUE SAYS: "Soft evening black—a fine romance, with fashion"
VOGUE SAYS: "Black chiffon dress—news now, a classic later"
VOGUE SAYS: "Long velvet dinner suit—soft evening black"
VOGUE SAYS: "Black bareback dress—becoming with a trail"
VOGUE SAYS: "Black taffeta dress—cut especially for dancing"
VOGUE SAYS: "Black cashmere sweater—over a strapless dress"
VOGUE SAYS: "White chiffon drapery on black—for soft flattery"
VOGUE SAYS: "Black velvet shirt—blousing above a grosgrain belt"
VOGUE SAYS: "Romantic black—for any evening"
VOGUE SAYS: "Black crêpe—for short-evening-dress evenings"

The New Fashions in Hats

VOGUE SAYS: "Hats—casual or veiled"
VOGUE SAYS: "The softer veiled hat—new beauty treatment"
VOGUE SAYS: "Dinner hat with drapery going toward a soft peak"
VOGUE SAYS: "Dinner hat—everything veiled"
VOGUE SAYS: "Black velvet hat—mascara veiling over all"
VOGUE SAYS: "Garnet red hat—smart with garnet red fashions"

The New Fashions in Furs

VOGUE SAYS: "Strictly cut furs—softly beautiful"
VOGUE SAYS: "Exciting new cuts in fur—new softness"
VOGUE SAYS: "New cuts in fur—for city elegance"
VOGUE SAYS: "Lynx—groomed to a lovely new ease"
VOGUE SAYS: "Three-quarter cut lynx—for city sheaths"
VOGUE SAYS: "Lynx—rounding the edges of a soft wrapping coat"

New Brilliance of Colour in Accessories, Stockings

VOGUE SAYS: "Iridescent rhinestones—brilliance for evening blacks"
VOGUE SAYS: "Iridescent rhinestones—brilliance for the new deepened reds"
VOGUE SAYS: "Black 'diamonds'—for evening black and brown"
VOGUE SAYS: "Pale apricot—new softness in stocking shade"
VOGUE SAYS: "New stocking choice—taupe that pales mistily on the legs"
VOGUE SAYS: "Taupe stockings—to wear with taupes, pewter"
VOGUE SAYS: "Taupe stockings—lively enough to get in an all black picture"
VOGUE SAYS: "Pale gold stockings—for soft greens, indigo and sapphire blues"

News in Shoes

VOGUE SAYS: "1956 shoe outline—1910 revamped"
VOGUE SAYS: "New suit shoe—tongued, buckled, set on a Louis heel"
VOGUE SAYS: "Amber-coloured calfskin—a fine suit shoe"
VOGUE SAYS: "New form of Oxford—drawing on 1910"
VOGUE SAYS: "Drawing on 1910—oversize bow, grosgrain lacing"
VOGUE SAYS: "Shoes with 1910 delicacy—1956 evening rage"
VOGUE SAYS: "Good sized bows—1956 evening rage"
VOGUE SAYS: "Fluted Louis heels—1956 evening rage"
VOGUE SAYS: "Opera pumps—straight-sided silhouettes from heel to toe"
VOGUE SAYS: "New evening rage—gold lamé pumps with satin bows"

Corsetry, Lingerie

VOGUE SAYS: "Correct foundation—beauty for the visible-again waistlines"
VOGUE SAYS: "All-in-one girdle—for a long, taut midriff"
VOGUE SAYS: "New girdle—new altitude record"
VOGUE SAYS: "More black—to wear under black"
VOGUE SAYS: "Black lingerie—to wear under black"
VOGUE SAYS: "The Empire look—prevalent in new lingerie"
VOGUE SAYS: "Black lingerie—unexpectedly fresh and charming"
VOGUE SAYS: "A black half-sheath—now under black sheaths"

QUOTE VOGUE and SELL FASHION

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Kimberly

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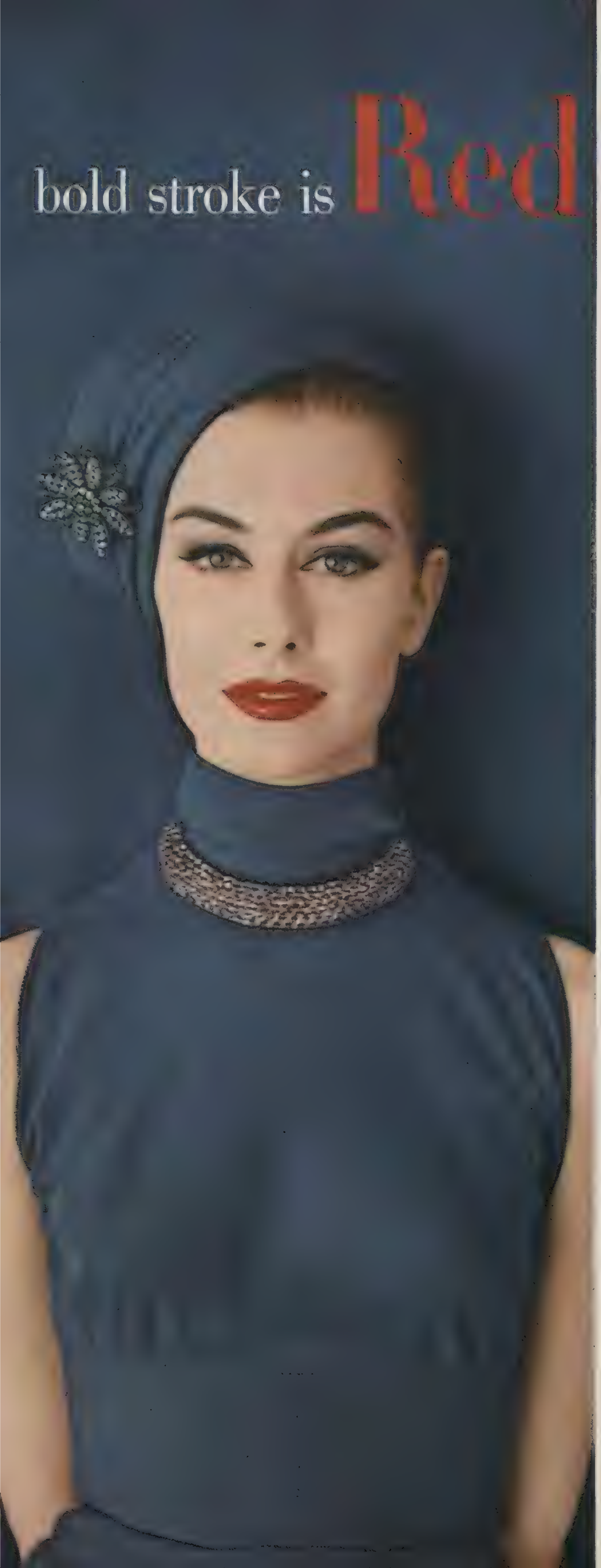
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HAT: JOHN FREDERICS

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ABOVE A SLENDER
WAISTLINE. THE DRESS
IN IMPORTED
CHANTILLY LACE IN
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OF THOSE AMONG
THE FASHION
CONSCIOUS

THE BLOUSED
LOOK

MAKES ITSELF
WORTHY OF A
GLORIOUS OVATION
IN THIS
ULTRA DRAMATIC
INTERPRETATION OF
LIGHTWEIGHT,
LUXURIOUS BLACK
BROADCLOTH.
THE JACKET OF THE
ENSEMBLE
BLOUSES SOFTLY
TOWARD THE
BACK AND PRESENTS
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OF WHITE FOX AT
THE FRONT. BENEATH
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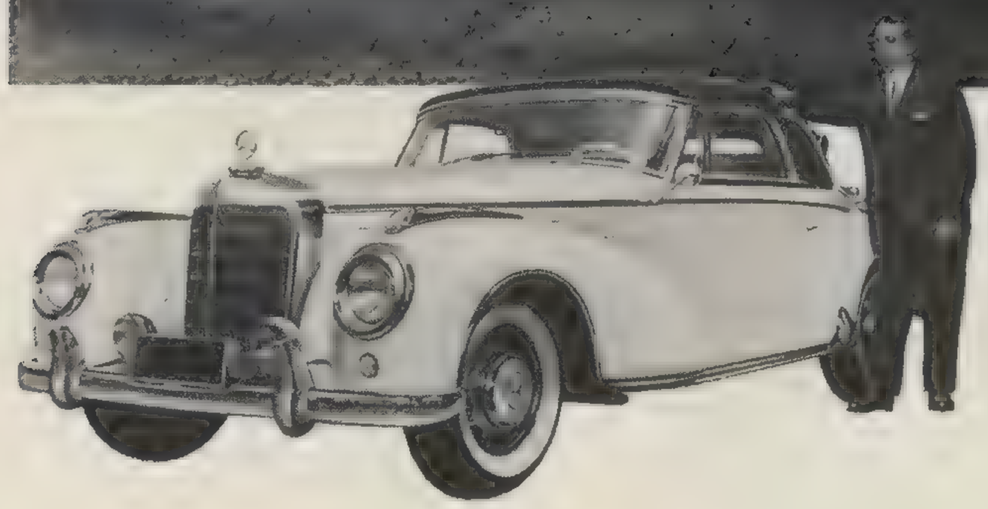
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SCENE. WITH
GENUINE EXCITEMENT
AND THE
REALIZATION OF
THE BEAUTIFUL
INFLUENCE THAT
IT WILL HAVE UPON
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THE EXTRAORDINARY
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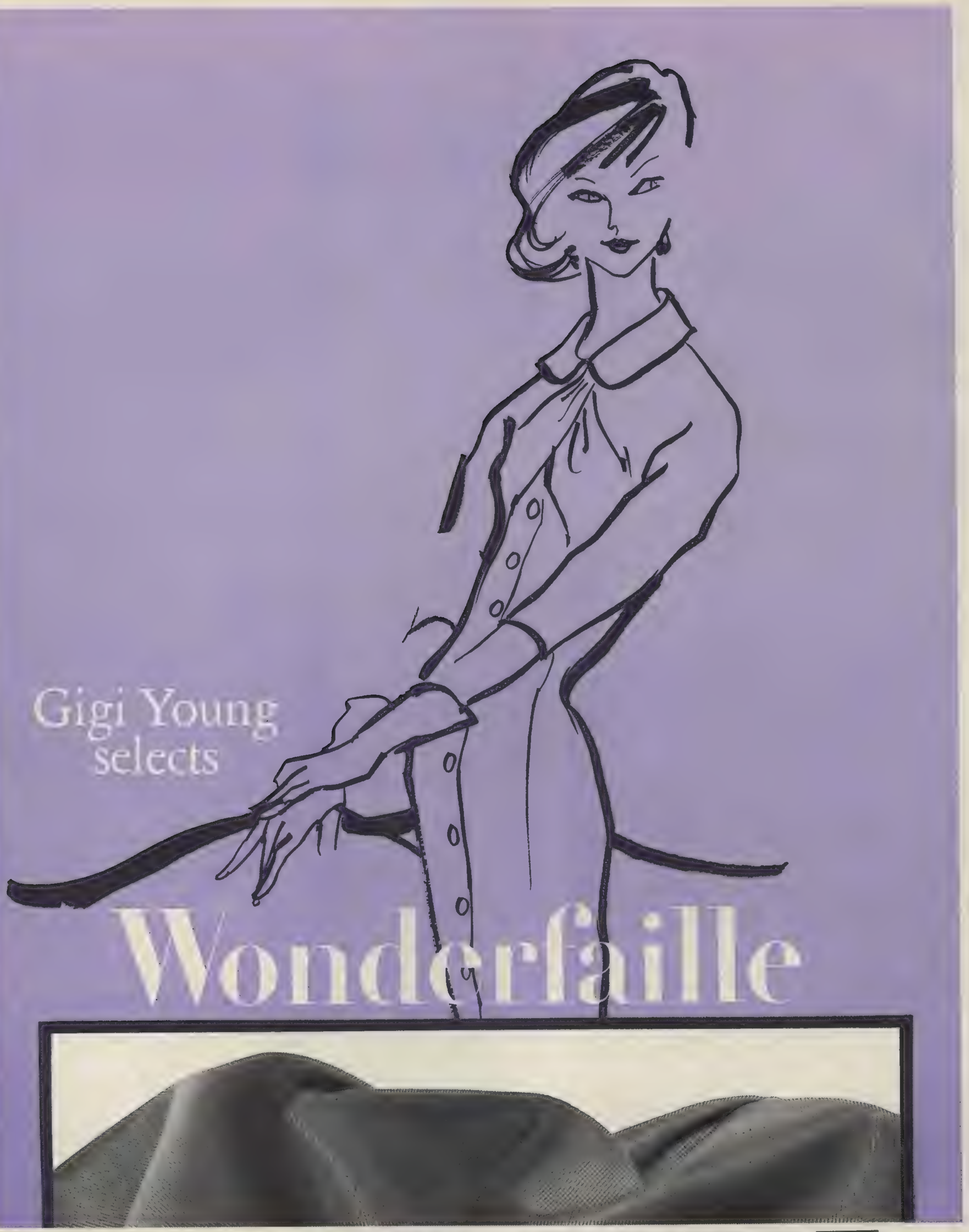
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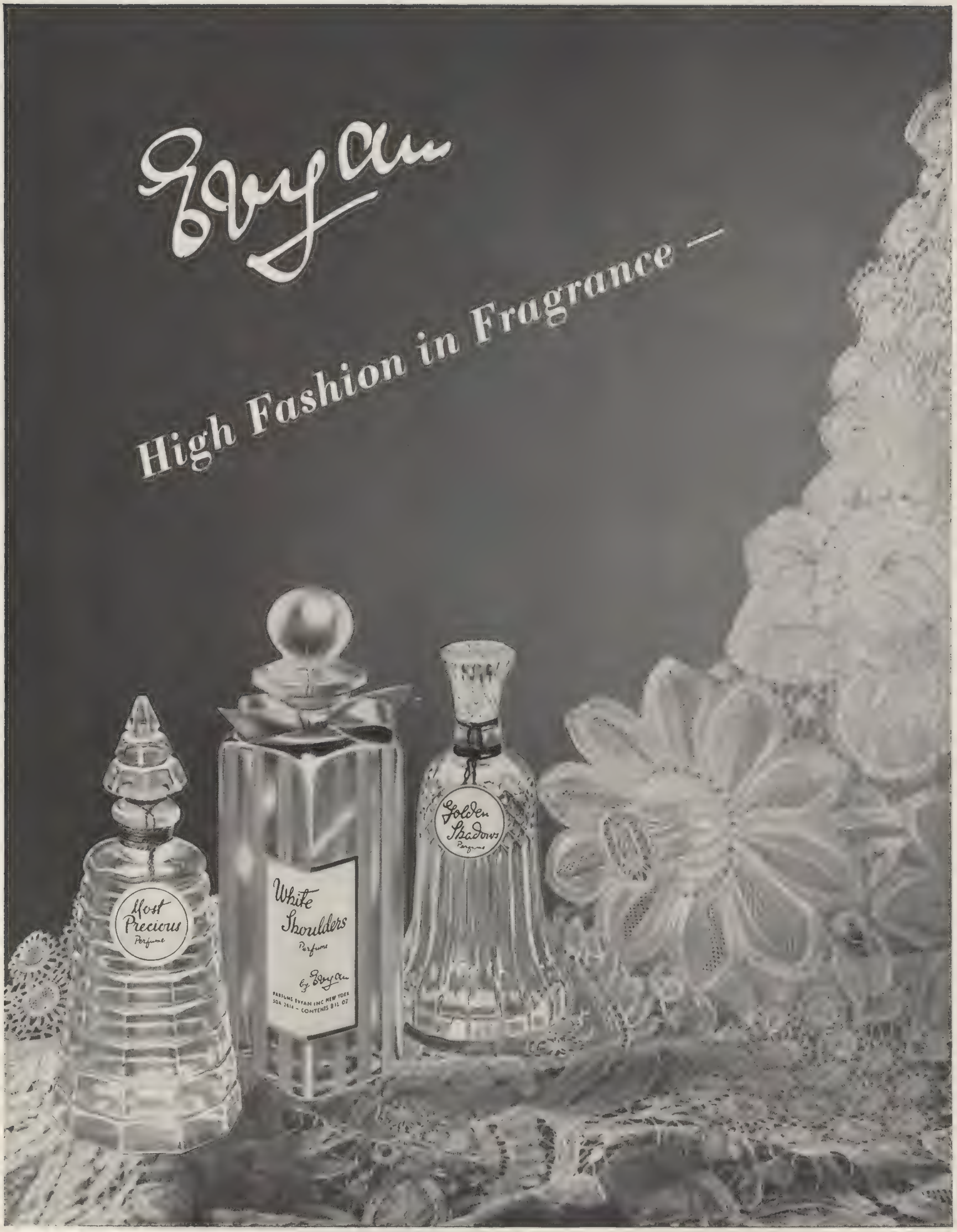
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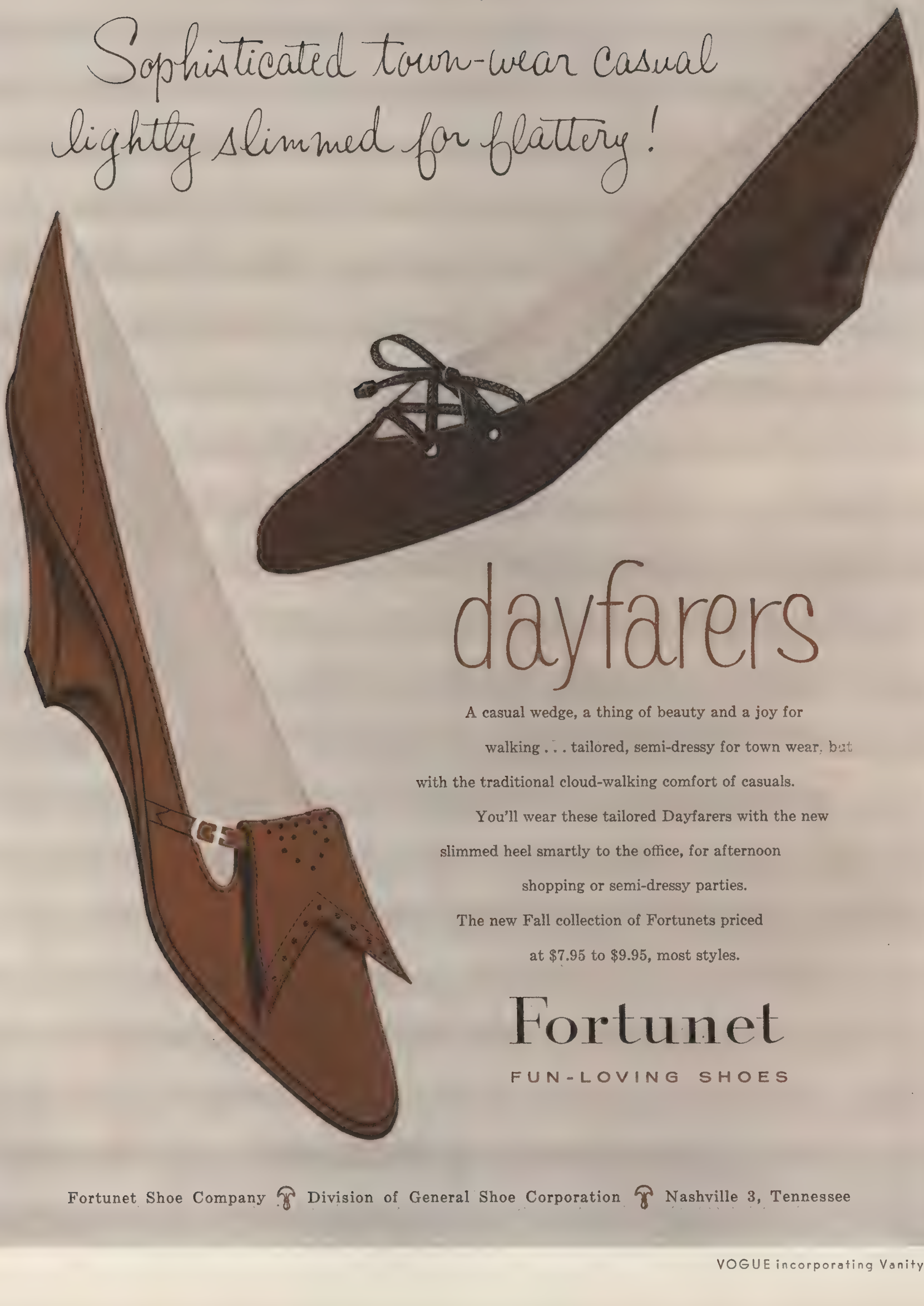


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Lend me your ears

BY DAVID DAICHES

Mrs. Anderson had not gone to the sherry party at the Babcocks because she was convalescing from flu and the doctor had warned her not to go out yet. She would not normally have regretted this, because she did not like sherry parties; but she would have liked to go to this one, if only to see what the Babcocks were like. Professor Babcock had come the previous term with a great reputation as an eighteenth-century scholar and a romantic aura resulting from his having, several years before, run off with the beautiful wife of the leader of a provincial orchestra and lived with her even before she had been divorced and they were able to get properly married. The affair had caused some stir in academic circles, where such events were not common, particularly since Mr. Babcock was well known as a broadcaster on the B.B.C.'s Third Programme and had quite a following among academic wives. So Mrs. Anderson would have liked to see the Babcocks, and was eager to hear her husband's report on them when he returned from the party.

"You didn't miss a thing," were Roger Anderson's first words in reply to his wife's inquiry. "South African sherry, not a drop of gin to be seen, and all the dullest men in the university."

"But the Babcocks?" asked his wife.

"Oh, he's one of those pale-faced chaps with a bow tie, acted very shy and reserved. Everybody expected provocative conversation from him, but he went around agreeing with everybody. 'Do you think so? Yes, yes, very interesting.' That sort of talk."

"And what about Mrs. Babcock?"

"Ah, she's a beauty all right. Beginning to show signs of wear but still very good-looking. Tall and dark, with a slightly melodramatic air and a throaty voice. You half expected her to speak with a foreign accent. But she's one of these culture hounds: she asked my advice about good books to read on my subject, and that sort of thing. And I suspect that it's she who is responsible for the way that child behaves."

"What child? I didn't know they had any children."

"Oh yes, they have a boy, called Roderick, of all things. He went around offering biscuits and things and chimed into the conversation in the damnedest way."

"How do you mean?"

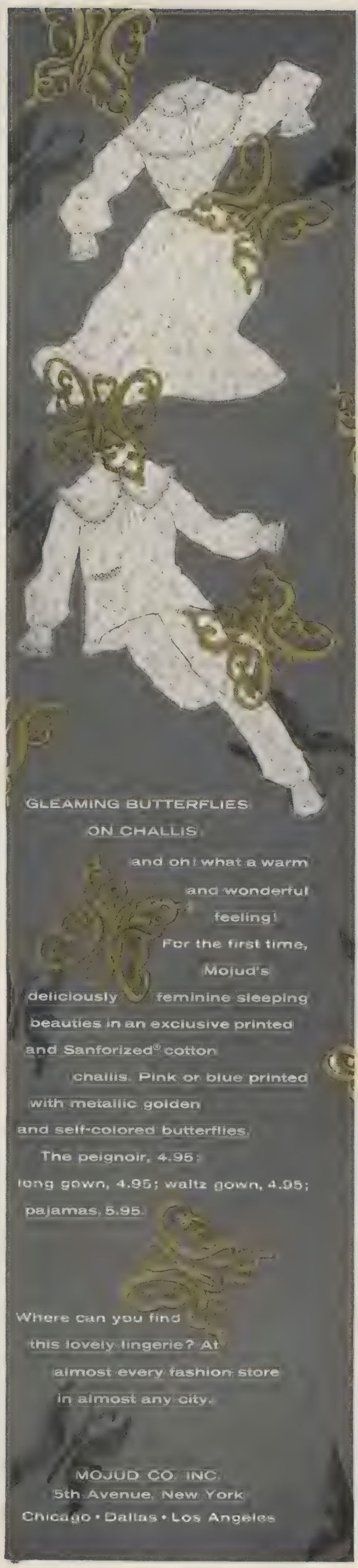
"Well, he's obviously been pumped full of facts about literary history. Just a little chap you know, four or five I should say, perhaps six. It was the damnedest thing. He'd cock an ear towards some group having a learned discussion about Pope, and pipe out: 'Alexander Pope, a poet, 1688-1744.' Then somebody mentioned Humphry House's book on Coleridge, and he said: 'Samuel Taylor Coleridge, a poet, 1772-1834.' It ended by people firing questions at him, and he stood there in the middle of the room and shot back the answers. 'William Shakespeare, a dramatist, 1564-1616. Charles Dickens, a novelist, 1812-1870.' Jack Beverley asked him if Marlowe wrote Shakespeare's plays—you know that crazy theory someone suggested last year—and he said: 'No, Marlowe wrote *Marlowe's* plays, 1564-1593.' I don't think he's so bright; he's just had the stuff pumped into him."

"But what a queer way to bring up a child."

"That's what Mrs. Bradley said. She found a picture book lying around somewhere and took him into a corner to go over it with him. I heard her discussing animals with him. 'That's right, it's a horse. Now what does a horse eat?' And Roderick answered 'grass,' just as proudly as he'd given the dates of Pope and Shakespeare. And then I heard her say: 'And what's *this* terrible animal?' And he answered, 'a dragon.' Then she said: 'And what do dragons eat?' And without turning a hair the kid said, 'virgins.' That finished Mrs. Bradley. She went off and talked to somebody else. I saw her later and she told me—you know that sepulchral voice of hers—that 'that child has been wrongly brought up.'"

"And you said I hadn't

(Continued on page 62)




MOJUD

LEND ME YOUR EARS

(Continued from page 60)

missed anything? It sounds like one of the most interesting parties in years."

"Oh well, the boy was interesting in a way, but I don't like to see children brought up to behave like exhibitionists."

"So you agree with Mrs. Bradley?" asked his wife, smiling.

"I suppose I do," Roger replied, "only for different reasons. . . . But let me mix you a gin and French, you must be pining for a drink. I'd better stick to sherry."

When he came back with the drinks, he found his wife looking thoughtful.

"What's the matter, Eva?" he said. "Brooding over missing the party? It really was dull, you know, in spite of Roderick's antics."

"No, it's not that," she replied. "I was thinking about Jane. I don't think we encourage her enough in her literary interests."

"Good Lord, you don't want to make a Roderick Babcock out of her, do you?"

"No, of course not. But because the Babcocks have done it in a silly way doesn't mean that there isn't a good way of doing it. After all, a child of ours should get *some* advantage from having a father who's professionally concerned with literature."

"Now look, Eva; you know we talked about this long ago, and decided what was the best thing. Nothing is worse for a child than to have its father's professional interests forced on it. To assume that because one of a child's parents is good at something then the child must be good at it is bad psychology. It's enough to drive the child away from that subject even if his natural bent is towards it. The best thing we can do is to provide the atmosphere. The house is filled with books, and she knows that she can read what she likes. And she hears plenty of literary talk going on around her. It's a great thing to be able to take culture for granted, and that's what Jane has learned to do."

"I know all that," answered Eva, "but I still think that you ought to take some interest in her literary enthusiasms."

"What literary enthusiasms?" asked Roger.

"There you are, you've never even noticed. You know that her school dramatic society put on *Julius Caesar* last week? Well, she saw the performance and was absolutely entranced. She's been spending all her free time during the last few days memorizing 'Friends, Romans, countrymen.' You know what she's doing right now? Standing on a chair in her room and declaiming the speech to an imaginary Roman mob."

"Is she, by George!" exclaimed Roger. "Good for her!"

"You see?" his wife said triumphantly. "You really do care about her literary interests."

"Of course I do; I never said that I didn't. But I didn't want to kill them by forcing my position as an academic teacher of literature on her. If she's found her own way there, I won't pretend not to be delighted. I tell you what, I'm going to tiptoe upstairs and listen outside her door."

"Do be careful," called his wife as he left the room. "She'll be embarrassed if she discovers you eavesdropping."

He heard her when he was halfway upstairs.

"When that the poor have cried,
Caesar hath wept; *(plaintively)*
Ambition should be made of sterner
stuff: *(ironically)*
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
(strong emphasis on "Brutus")
And Brutus is an honourable man.
*(sneeringly; pause and an audible
intake of breath)*
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
(shrill emphasis on "thrice")
Which he did thrice refuse. *(emphatically)* Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus *(scornfully emphasized)*
says he was ambitious,
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
(with heavily contemptuous irony)
I speak not to disprove what Brutus
spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do
know. *(this line spoken with each
word separated and emphatic;
pause)*
You all did love him once, not without cause; *(tremulously)*
What cause withholds you then to
mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish
beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear
with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with
Caesar,
And I must pause till it come back
to me."

Roger could hear tears in the last four lines. The whole thing, he felt, was a remarkable histrionic performance. He waited, but nothing more seemed to be coming, so he knocked on the door and, without waiting for a reply, entered.

Jane was standing on a

(Continued on page 86)



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b.

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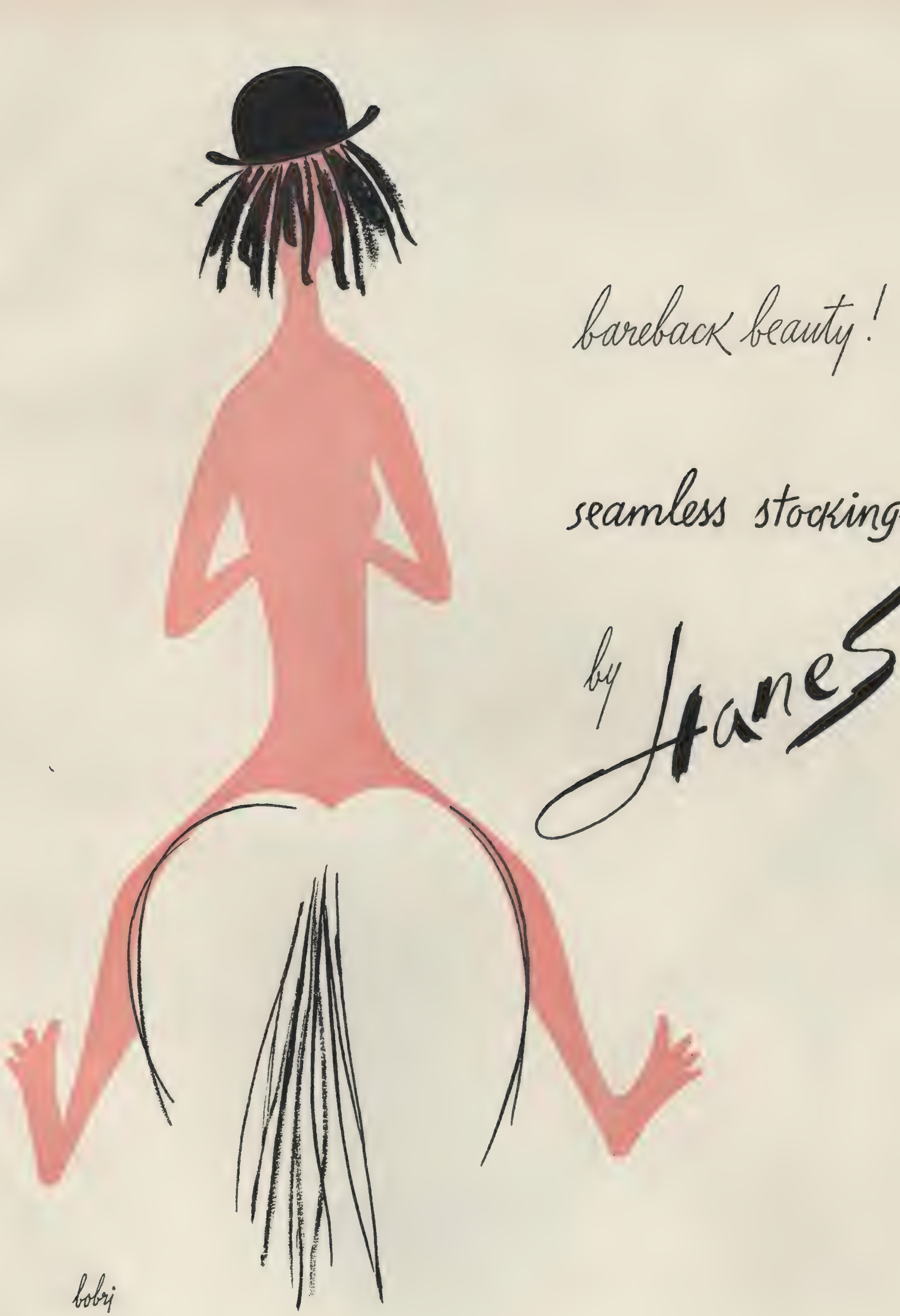
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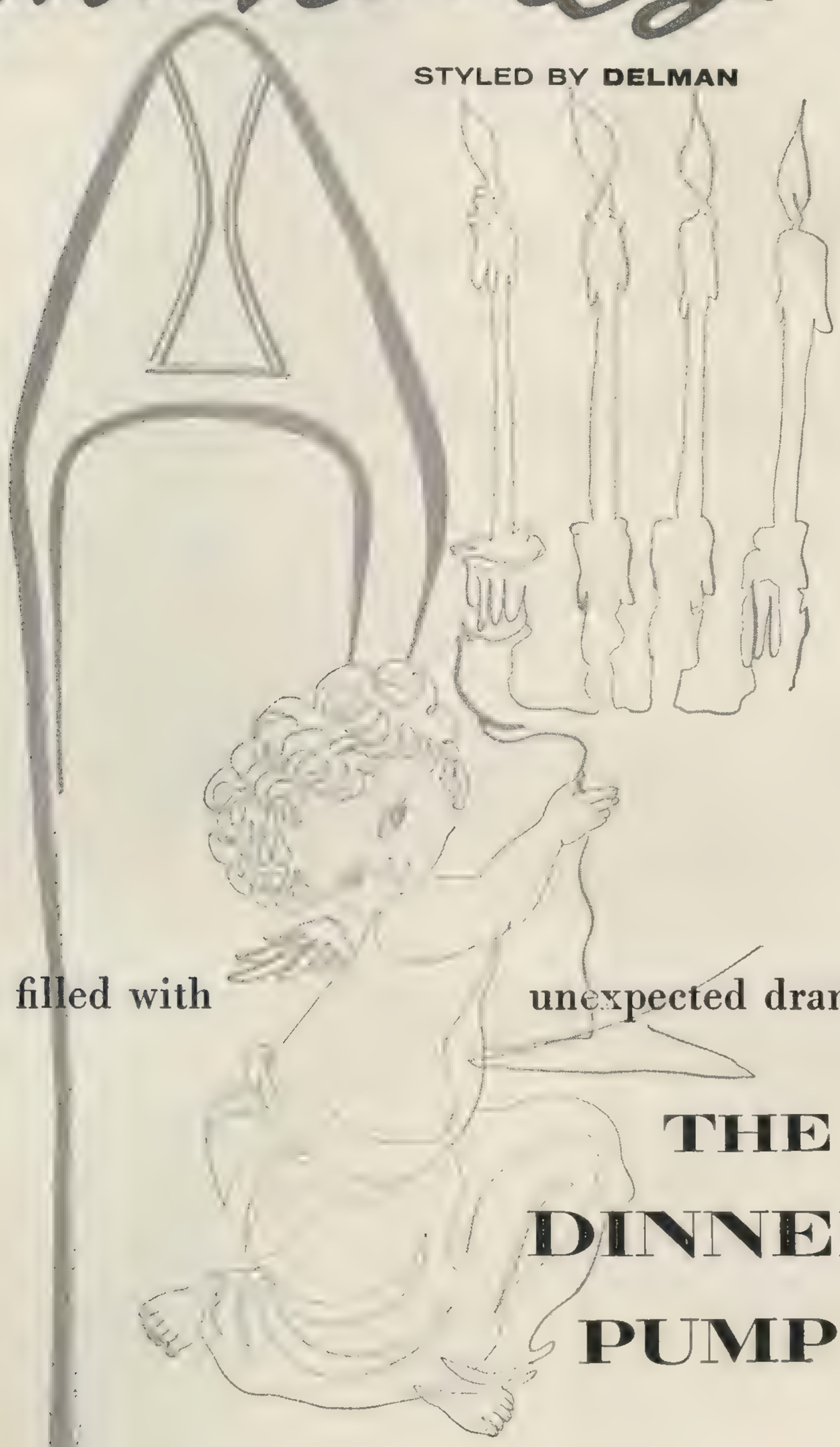
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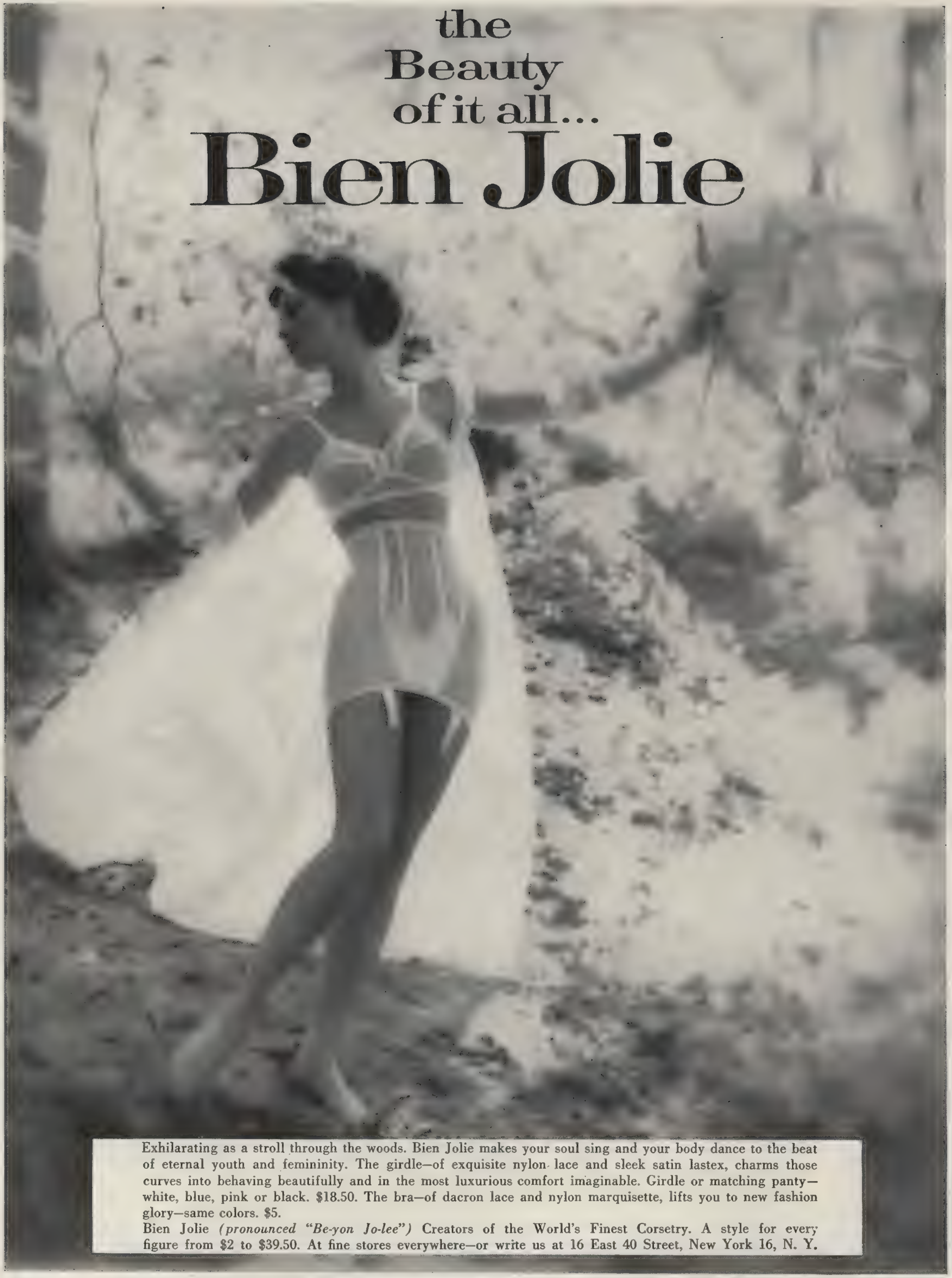
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LEND ME YOUR EARS

(Continued from page 62)

chair draped in a sheet, and sitting on the bed facing her was a row of four dolls and one Teddy bear. When she saw her father she smiled, a trifle bashfully, and said: "Hello Daddy. I've been doing *Julius Caesar*."

"I heard a bit of it as I came upstairs," said Roger. "It sounded wonderful."

"Oh, I love doing it," Jane went on, making no move to get down from the chair. "Especially Antony. He *sounds* so good. Brutus is more right, but he can't speak nearly so well."

"Precisely," exclaimed Roger, delighted. "That's one of the main points of the play in a nutshell. You'll be a great Shakespearean critic yet."

Jane paid no attention to this last remark—which she didn't understand anyway. "I'm going to do the next bit now," she said. "You can join the audience if you want to. You have to sit on the bed. I can't do this part by heart yet, so I have to read it from the book. That doesn't look so good, but it sounds all right."

So Roger Anderson sat on the bed beside the four dolls and the Teddy bear and listened to his daughter read the rest of Antony's speech (she omitted the intervening dialogue) with proud delight.

That evening, after Jane was in bed, Roger and Eva Anderson sat discussing Jane's literary and dramatic talents.

"I had no idea," said Roger, "that Jane was really interested in that sort of thing. She has a real feeling for it. You could see she was moved when she recited it. And she understood precisely what was going on."

"I see you'll go and make a Roderick Babcock out of her now," said Eva, amused.

"Oh, nonsense," said Roger impatiently. "This isn't a question of memorizing dead facts, but of a lively response to a work of art. If little Roderick could have recited some Shakespeare with feeling and understanding, that would have been another matter."

"At five years old? Didn't you say he was four or five? And Jane's nearly eleven."

"And isn't nearly eleven pretty young to have a real feeling for Shakespeare?"

"Oh yes. Don't think I'm belittling her achievement. Remember it was me that drew your attention to it. *I* was the one that was trying to interest you in your daughter's literary education."

"Yes, I know. But my theory has been proved. She's discovered this interest because she was left to herself. There's no harm in pushing her a bit *now*. And I don't think there's any harm either in encouraging the old-fashioned practice of reciting in public. If a child has any dramatic aptitude, it helps to develop it."

"Well, the Camerons are coming to tea on Saturday. And Fred Burnsley will be coming, too. See if she'll recite from *Julius Caesar* for them."

"It would do old Cameron good. Why, he's spent the last thirty years of his life investigating the text of the quartos and folios; it's time he was reminded that Shakespeare is a living interest, even among the young. It would certainly do the old boy good."

It was a fine, sunny afternoon when the Camerons and Fred Burnsley came to tea, and they had tea in the garden. Jane had promised—or at least half promised—that she would recite "Friends, Romans, countrymen," and Roger Anderson waited for a suitable moment to make an opening. Meanwhile, Jane was demurely handing round cakes.

Roger finally managed to move the subject round to *Julius Caesar*, until he could say casually: "Jane, here, renders Antony's speech with fine dramatic gusto. Let's hear you do it, Jane."

"Oh Daddy, not now," said Jane, wanting to and yet not wanting to.

"Oh come along; you're not shy are you?" urged her father.

But the urging seemed to touch some point of resistance in her.

"I just don't feel like it now," she said.

"Very well then, I don't want to force you," said Roger, a trifle sulkily. "You did it so well the other day. I thought you'd like to show the Camerons and Mr. Burnsley what you can do."

"Come along, Jane," said Mrs. Cameron, in that tone which grownups use in persuading children to do something which they think the children really want to do but in which they themselves

(Continued on page 88)


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LEND ME YOUR EARS

(Continued from page 86)

are not much interested. Jane caught the tone, and repeated that she didn't feel like it just now. Mr. Burnsley, a cheerful middle-aged bachelor, added his plea.

"Real actresses can't afford to wait until they feel like doing a piece, Jane," he said. "It's part of their training to learn to turn it on at any time."

This notion appealed to Jane, and encouraged the side of her which wanted to do it if only somehow she could find a way to agree gracefully. But she found herself replying: "But I'm not a real actress."

"Well, if you don't want to do it, Jane, perhaps you can collect the empty teacups," said her mother, in a tone which indicated that the discussion was over.

"I didn't say I didn't want to do it," protested Jane. "I said I didn't feel like it *now*."

"Well, you let us know when you do feel like," said Mrs. Cameron, and Mr. Cameron added: "It's no use asking children to do these things; they must find their own time," which Jane felt was the most sensible remark made yet.

She was asked twice more in the course of the afternoon, but each time something within her prevented her from agreeing, though by this time she wanted almost desperately to show what she could do. At last it was six o'clock and the Camerons and Mr. Burnsley got up to go. Everybody shook hands, and Jane and her parents escorted the visitors to the front gate, where Mr. Burnsley's car waited. He was going to drive the Camerons home.

Mr. Burnsley got into the driver's seat, with Mrs. Cameron beside him. Mr. Cameron sat behind. Farewells were exchanged again, and Mr. Burnsley started the engine and released the hand brake. He was just letting in the clutch when he was arrested by a shout from Jane.

"Just a moment," she shouted. "Wait a moment." And taking a deep breath she began, rapidly:

"Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears...."

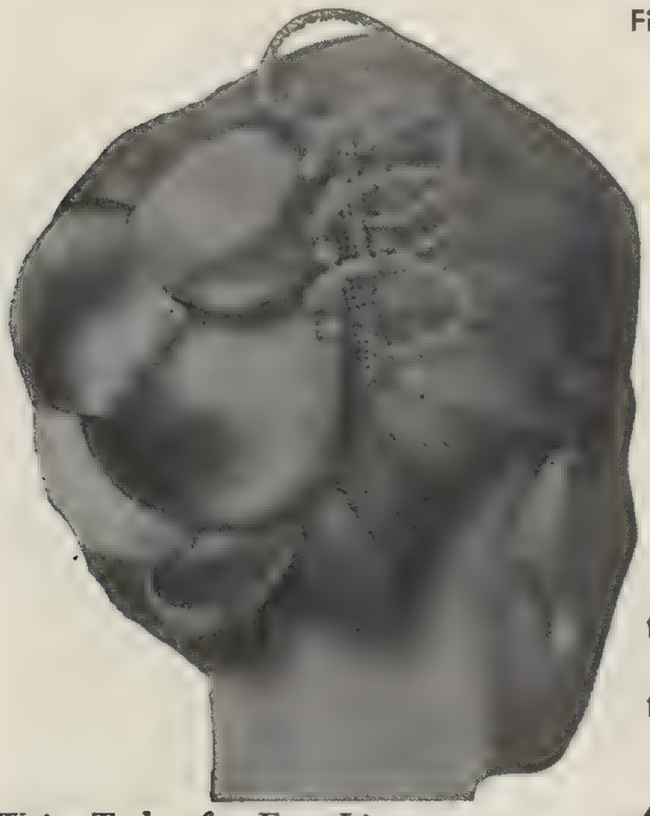
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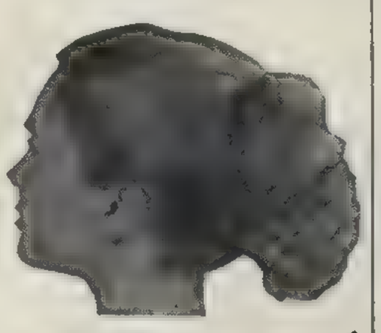

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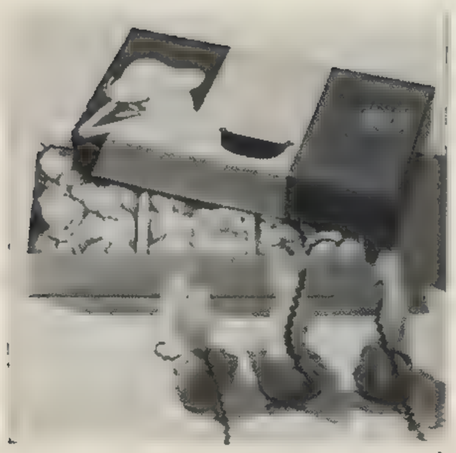
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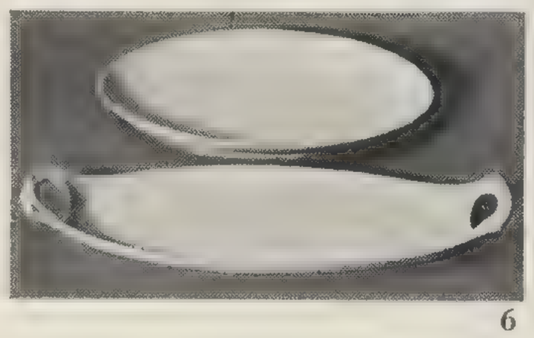
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6

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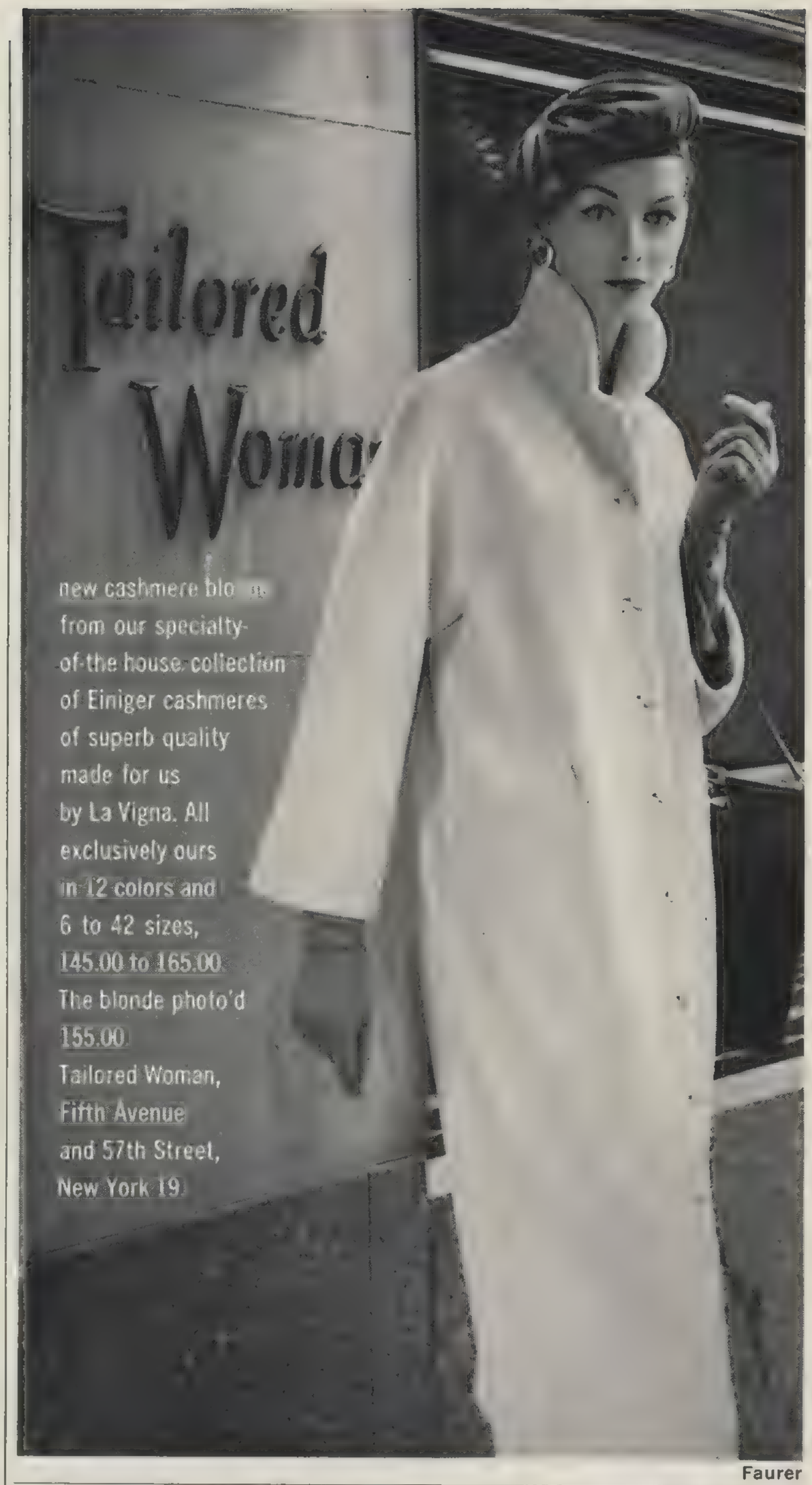


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1



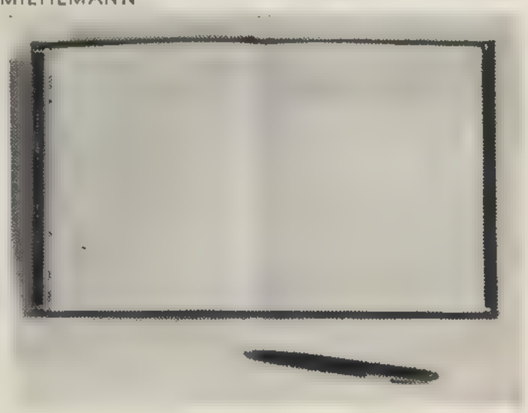
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2

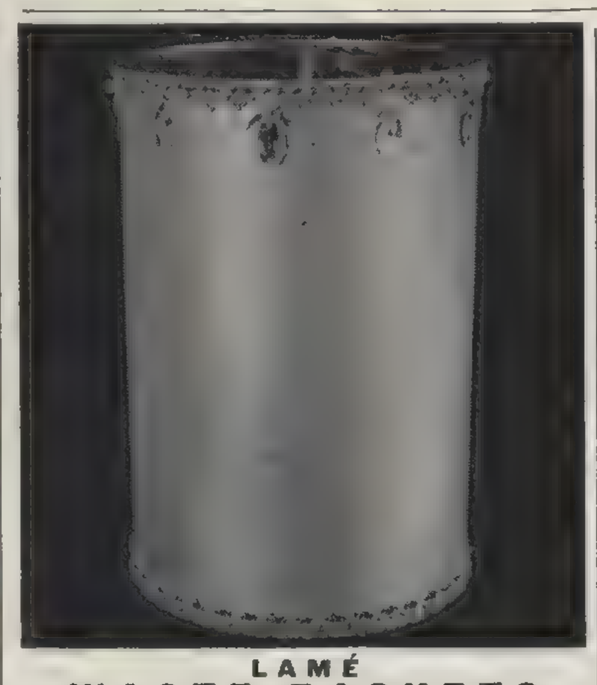
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Vogue's eye view: twin fashion ideas in Paris and America

Purpose of the list drawn up directly below: to name the fashion ideas appearing importantly in both Paris and America this season—nothing like this double-endorsement to make success seem twice as sure. (Complete Paris collections report: Vogue, September 1.)

Taller hats, softer hats, brimmed Garbo hats Three sets of twins, appearing in Paris and America—differing in detail, but identical in feeling.

Feathered hats
Birds of a feather in Paris and America.
White swan fez (local origin), page 97.
Paris feathers, Vogue, September 1.

VEILS One mind about these—and you'd have to go out of your way to miss the point, too, in a new hat with a New York *or* Paris label.

Capes Double entry in both fashion worlds. Paris capes, strongest in number, softest in lining (some spill long-haired furs). American capes, inclined to be closest to the woman's figure.

Long-haired furs
Coats of both countries concurring beautifully about fox, lynx, civet cat.

Visible waistlines again Corresponding course taken in the U.S. and Paris. Waistlines normal or heightened, often belted.

Mauves Same rage for these for smooth and tweedy wools. In Paris, mauve veers on purple; in America, on blue.

Black for day, for night, for news Unanimous agreement here. Black's strongest year to date, according to both fashion-nationalities.

SHEATHS Parallel situation. Generally less slinky. Waist heightened frequently. Something of further interest going on in the silhouette (fascinating hat or cape).

Covered evening dresses Cast in the same gentle mould, in Paris and America. Arms covered. Back, less so.

1910 SHOE IDEAS Simultaneous translators at work in both countries. Straight Poiret in Paris. "My Fair Lady" in the U.S. In either country, evening hems uncover covered shoes.

How to be the beauty the new fashions ask for

Note, please—we don't say, "the new fashions *demand*."
Not in years has fashion been less "demanding"—
more gentle, more romantic, more unashamedly flattering.
The wonderful ease and prettiness of new clothes
in both the Paris and American collections make this a fashion-era
in which you may, quite possibly, look better than you
ever have in your life. Clothes this year meet you more
than half-way—let's say, four-fifths of the way.
And the other fifth? A gleam in the hair,
a coloured shadow over the eye, a bloom on the skin, a certain
slimness and tautness through the midriff—these, to be
provided by you. How to provide them is fully documented
in this issue of Vogue—starting right on this page.
In fact, beauty's such an integral part of the fashion this year
that on many pages we could no more omit mentioning the colour
of hair, lips, eyes, or the tinting and texturing of skin,
than we could leave out the colour of a dress, the fabric of a suit.
To other pages, certain rules apply: with the multitude
of blacks in fashion, a certain liveliness of make-up is necessary—
timidity here can be next to mousiness, while a thorough make-up,
in proper balance, almost never seems heavy.
With feathered hats, and the new long-haired furs:
a neat, sleek coiffure. Otherwise, the look of hair now
is softer, wider (see pages 104-105)—
and it's a look that should be given a good open-minded try,
even if you ultimately decide it's not for you.
With the new colours in fashion—blues, and blued mauves,
citrus-yellows, strong reds, taupes, and browns—remember
(or learn?) that tinted make-up foundations can "adjust" skin tones.
As for that midriff we mentioned earlier—almost all 1956 fashions
request it (even lightly-fitted jackets are the better for it).
The diet discussion on pages 102-103, and the high-minded
foundations on pages 148-149, outline an exciting new middle course.
And for fashions as a whole, this year: seems a shame to collect a wardrobe
full of great beauty-possibilities—without quite *realizing* them.

New beauty treatment—the softer, veiled hat; background dress

Facing page: All part of the same picture—good fashion-picture,
right now: the hat soft, feathered, veiled; the dress dark, gently cut;
the make-up, dramatically accented—especially the eyes.
Illumining them here, eye shadow in a new colour that's going to stay,
and stay opaque—"Opal Green," a Frances Denney Constant Color,
as is the glowing complexion make-up, the "Red Splendor" lipstick.
Hat, a pride of swan's feathers, black-veiled: Mr. John.
Hannah Troy dress of black-and-white Anglo tweed: Bonwit Teller.
Dress, hat: also Hutzler's; I. Magnin. Slim brown shoes: Florsheim.
Stockings, a beauty treatment, too: shade, "Precious Petal" by Mojud.

KAREN RADKAI





New beauty treatment—
rising out of black

Dark, slender, sleeved, covered—
a dress much more revealing
than you might think (and it's not alone;
many new dresses this season
have the same trick of spotlighting).
Among its revelations:
the tilt of chin, the line of throat,
every nuance of the wearer's carriage—
and above all, the beauty
(or not) of the hair.
Beauty news that applies here:
a colour-rinse designed to intensify
the hair colour and add gloss;
simple procedure outlined for hairdressers
by Helene Curtis,
in a new formula called
"Riviera Color Rinse." (The shade at work
at left is Ginger Brown.)
The coiffure, softly full at
either side, swirled and pinned up
at the back, by Antoine Salons:
Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Neiman-Marcus.
The dress: Clearly a beauty in its own right,
black velvet with a curve of silk roses.
A Sophie Original, at Saks Fifth Avenue.
Jewels—emerald ring,
diamond earrings: Harry Winston.

KAREN RADKAI



Paris and la belle poitrine

It's this way in many a dress in Paris
this season: an undeniable emphasis
on the bosom—a bosom quite modest
in itself (small, high, very *pretty*).
Here, two of the dresses
that set Collections audiences talking
of the new bosom-revelation—in terms
of Flemish paintings, not movie stills.
Left: A tall dark dress rising
to a high young bosom veiled
in white point d'esprit.
A Griffe design, this, and fascinating
in its cut: black moire and chiffon
so engineered that while the dress is
a sheath, it moves as easily as
a yards-around skirt.
Right: One of the chiffon triumphs
of Paris, pale and paler blue,
with emphasis on and *around* the bosom
(the whole bodice is a scarf-folding
of chiffon). The skirt, soft fullness.
This, by Madeleine de Rauch.

FRANCES MCLAUGHLIN



NEW Diet WITH A high thought-content

Lasting solution to off-and-on-again overweight

Authority for chapter #5 in Vogue's series on weight-reducing methods: Giorgio Lolli, M.D., clinical consultant in applied biodynamics at Yale University. Here and in Italy, Dr. Lolli has made the dieting "failure" his special study, with notable results, and with his own theory on the plump woman in this particular vicious circle—a pound regained for every pound reduced.

It's perhaps the most provocative diet-method (long-proven, however) currently proposed. For this time we're going to deal with overweight of the "problem" kind, and deal with it on a long-range basis—long-lasting results made possible only because the woman's whole personality, not merely her figure, is freed of the burden of food. The theories here: the life-work of Dr. Giorgio Lolli (see above).

Simple *overweight* is the problem—let's repeat. Obesity isn't necessarily involved, or glandular imbalances. It's those ten or twenty pounds that keep a woman's dress-size and inward tension expanding—the kind of excess weight that simply will *not* go away to stay. Switching from diet to diet, the woman inevitably regains the pounds she's lost (though she usually doesn't get plumper than before), until finally the food on the table is the most important thing in the world to her, whether she's eating it *or not.*

If this might be a description of you, don't be led astray by our calling this a high-thought diet—or, more accurately, don't think this is another easy straw to grasp at. Just sitting and thinking (can that possibly be a cookie you're munching on!), or even years of psychoanalysis, won't make a dryad out of a size-16-stout. Despite all those long talkity hours involved, you can't eat your cake on the analytic couch and have a pretty figure, too. For a few women, though, psychoanalysis *is* essential to any permanent reduction in weight—always accompanied, of course, by a cut in calories. For others, there are one-shot diets (high in proteins, or in carbohydrates) that seem to set up permanently good eating habits in the space of a few short weeks. And now there's even that sensational new method (reported in Vogue last year, and again last month) that appears to make extra pounds melt away by means of a high-liquid diet that's based on a liquid not unlike mother's-milk.

No pessimist, Dr. Lolli nevertheless thinks blitzkrieg diets, or infant-style nutrition, are not the answers for the woman we're now discussing. Which doesn't mean that hers (or yours?) is the hardest row to hoe: in fact, the all-round results here may be greater than anywhere—this is a diet where the change goes beyond limiting and balancing the kinds and amounts of food eaten, to changing and balancing one's whole system of thought.

1. Basic thought: food infatuations must go

Chronic overweight is always a clue to a woman who *loves* her food—much too much. She may weigh only ten pounds above normal, and yet feel a passion for food that's as strong as that observed in real obesity (so Dr. Lolli's researches discover). The craving can be analyzed; analyze yours as follows. Usually it's for food with a taste that's especially liked; or for food in bulk (a single portion of salad, if it's big enough for a family, is more fattening than one wedge of cake); or for food that combines both tastiness and bulk.

To be avoided, therefore, if you're the chronic dieter: the diet that's peppered with little lures and inducements—a cookie here, or a substitute-sweetener there, or a license to eat *all* that you want of any of the so-called "non-fattening foods." The usual result is that the daily cookie and the constant substitute-sweetener simply prolong and provoke the memory of the taste that's loved. Soon the dieter finds herself switching back to the real article itself—but now with a gain in mental depression ("Failed Again!") to fight as well. As for eating non-fattening foods to excess: no dietary plan yet evolved has ever been able to change the laws of energy, Dr. Lolli says. The plump, sedentary woman simply can not utilize stevedore-amounts of food without adding weight, even if the food *is* cottage cheese or steak.

Conclusion here: the woman whose figure is constantly overflowing its bonds should diet only on a diet that's balanced yet stripped of foods appealing by taste and bulk. Snacks around the clock won't work (they stimulate a love of food-in-bulk). And lacing the diet with tiny taste-attractions is just about equal to the case of the alcoholic who takes an occasional sip of beer. (Eating to excess and drinking to excess are nutritional problems, which is why Dr. Lolli studies both; and both problems have many factors in common.) Chronic overeating may not cause you to stagger down the street for all the world to see, but it will make your figure hard to camouflage, no matter how straight a path you walk!

And, don't overlook this thought: your food-infatuations "must go," as stated above, but not by rigidly enforced régimens or chaotic eating-plans. The diet here represents a democratic approach to food (since the goal is freedom from its bondage over you). It doesn't, in fascist-style, bar you from food, or encourage the kind of anarchy where you eat odd tidbits at odd hours or live solely on coffee and vitamin pills.

2. Thoughtful control—over foods, your over-all life

The best diet-plan for the woman who keeps aiming at slenderness but can't make it stick to her ribs, according to the threefold plan Dr. Lolli uses, is one which considers the special physical conditions of your body, the way your mind works, and the kind of life you live. Sometimes, a long-standing case of overweight may be the by-product of an operation that limits your activity just enough to add pound after pound. Endocrinal changes often affect the weight of the woman who's well into her maturity. Even a very slight change in the way you live—a series of measles cases among the children, for instance, that prevents your daily walk for a couple of months—may raise your weight and keep it up. And that makes this a good point, by the way, to make *this* point: most chronically overweight women don't eat like Henry VIII. Slowly, or suddenly, they increase the amount of food eaten or cut down on their exercise, but always level off on a plateau. The difficulty comes when they try to get down from this plateau—and fail time and time again.

Even a change of geography can encourage a tendency to overeat. Good illustration: Dr. Lolli's surveys among Italians immigrating to the United States. Often their weight goes out of control when they add the new foods of their new country to their old diet—slender people who've shovelled in *pasta* daily during their years in Italy turn into very plump parties when they have *pasta* plus daily milk-drinking and other American goodies.

Now about the way your mind works, if you're overweight in the manner described here: there are certain things that you do have in common with others with a similar weight-problem. (That makes a nice change from the familiar, depressing "wel-l-l-l, every case is different.") First, all love food far above the ordinary, as already pointed out by Dr. Lolli. Second joint point: many overweight women believe their diet means punishing family, guests, even their cooks—they tend to believe that overeating is the outcome of their "weak will" for which others thereby suffer. But just as you would keep the sugar bowl filled for the family even though you had diabetes, you can give your family gourmet meals while eating very plain fare yourself. In fact, it's rather an act of love to do so, says Dr. Lolli—and love of others is a lesson that many chronically plump women need to learn. This same factor lurks behind the unwillingness of many overweight women to ask the help (of family, and friends, not just of medical men) in their struggle against overweight. And slenderness is only achieved when there's a sociability, a communal helpfulness to draw upon—it's often what the woman needs *most of all.*

Then—third point—just as a woman's awareness of her excess weight may force her into continual and erratic diets, it can also make her self-conscious enough to eat fattening foods in company, for fear of criticism. Almost every chronically overweight woman tends to believe she's always the centre of attention: an easy quiz you might take?

Plump women also have this in common: a tendency to live in the present to an extreme degree—to find the future compensations (via diet) of a beautiful figure unequal to the current pleasures of the delicious casserole standing on the buffet today. This is the tendency that goes to work so often once a diet is underway, and so often destroys the diet-effort in midstream. Men are even greater extremists, incidentally, on this point, according to Dr. Lolli—their vanity is lower than the feminine kind, and usually only drastic admonitions re health can get them onto a diet at all.

Why your way of life also must be looked into, if you're to diet successfully: sometimes emotional conditions can make a diet simply too depressing or too complicated. These, thankfully, are the rarity; and these are the overweight women who do well to get their diets off to a good firm start within the four walls of a hospital.

3. Putting these thoughts to work: daily thinking, permanent effects

A diet of 800 calories per day is best at the beginning, per the Lolli method, unless the woman is a case for the psychiatrists, or has some physical disability. (Later, when weight starts slipping off, calories can be raised—but the pleasurable aspects of food will be kept low, always.) And the diet's always a very adult balance of proteins and other food substances, supplemented *(Continued on page 168)*

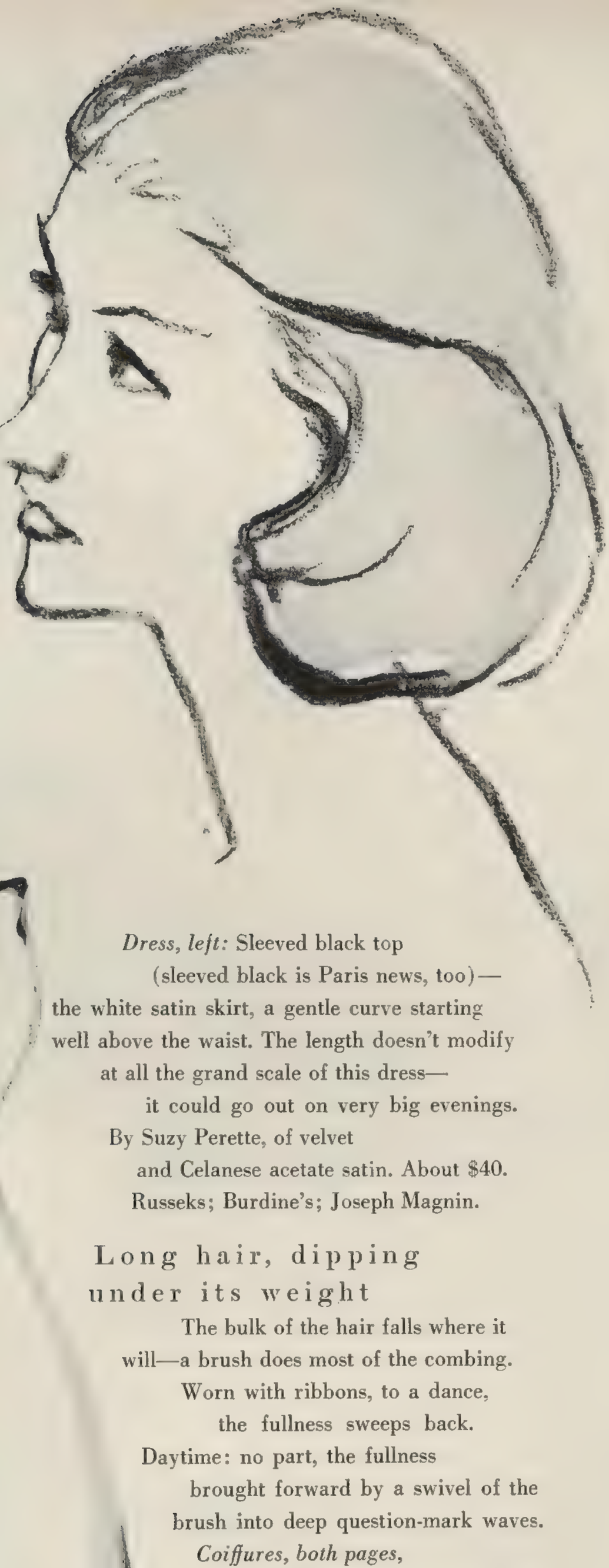
Four new bell shapes—
shaping up, evenings



Two of them are skirt shapes,
two of them are coiffures.
All four have a beautiful softness
about them, for evenings now.
And the soft, shining haircuts have this beauty:
they won't find the new hats too hard for daytime, either.
Left: A dress, all shape—natural waist, supernaturally slim torso.
By Suzy Perette, in red velvet of Bemberg rayon. $40.
Dress, and earrings: Best's. Dress, also Woodward & Lothrop.

Shorter hair: poufed; side-dipped Worn by the sketched figure, left, a coiffure bolstered in the setting by wide rollers, afterwards with up-and-under brushing, into dips over the brow.
Above, deep waves at the cheekbones, the ends whipped up.





Dress, left: Sleeved black top
(sleeved black is Paris news, too)—
the white satin skirt, a gentle curve starting
well above the waist. The length doesn't modify
at all the grand scale of this dress—
it could go out on very big evenings.
By Suzy Perette, of velvet
and Celanese acetate satin. About $40.
Russeks; Burdine's; Joseph Magnin.

Long hair, dipping under its weight

The bulk of the hair falls where it
will—a brush does most of the combing.
Worn with ribbons, to a dance,
the fullness sweeps back.
Daytime: no part, the fullness
brought forward by a swivel of the
brush into deep question-mark waves.
Coiffures, both pages,
by Mr. Fred of the Breck Salon.



Paris hats in America now: casual or veiled





And there's an extra measure of news here, too (it's visible in half the hats coming out of Paris this season): an extra inch or two of willowy height. All three hats pictured are Svend designs, in America now.
Left: Paris version of the "casual" hat that's been making an exciting comeback in America (the August 15 issue of Vogue reported the news). Beige and white felt, brimmed, side-pulled, and for all its offhand dash, softly beautiful—and young. Imported here by Bergdorf Goodman.
Above, right: Paris drapery going this way, according to Svend—toward a soft peak. Dinner hat of blue-white satin folded around a black velvet cone; everything veiled lightly in black net (a jewel places it). At Bergdorf Goodman; Eaton's of Canada.
Below, right: Black velvet chéchia tied with a white satin ribbon; mascara veiling over all. Late-day, restaurant-dinner hat, New York to Seattle (Bergdorf Goodman, Marshall Field, Frederick & Nelson imported it).

FRANCES MCLAUGHLIN



Chanel tweeds—in America now

Tweediness with the same look that's made Chanel jerseyness famous for years—an air of absolute ease that's the absolute reverse of negligence. This news in tweed from her current collection includes those famous Chanel chains, now occasionally worn as belts. *Left:* Mauve-and-pink herringbone tweed and pink cashmere, lightly assembled by Chanel into a suit and sweater. The cashmere crops out again on the suit-jacket as a lining for the stand-up collar, as piping on pockets and cuffs. The jacket's buttoned with ancient-looking gold metal coins—coin of the Chanel realm. *Right:* Tobacco-browns are all over the Paris collections this year—even Chanel, the great individualist, can't resist them. Her tobacco-brown and gold herringbone tweed coat has a skirt to match, a pale apricot-coloured jersey blouse. Notice the coat sleeves, with very deep cuffs, adjustable to various heights by buttons (a push-button device?). *Both costumes, in America, at Henri Bendel.*





Soft wools, tailoring on the quiet

On these four pages, clothes in the new serene air of American fashion—softly quiet all day, not in the least ruffled by lateness of hour. *Left:* Precious coat-fabric (cashmere in a new glowing navy blue) delivering a terrific amount of elegance, daily. There's a lot of fashion going on here in a quiet way: great simplicity of line, and a new colour interplay—navy-blue coat, black beret. This kind of navy-based subtlety's possible now that navy blue has high colour value. Coat, by Ben Zuckerman, of Keanon fabric, about $285. Rippled beret very much like a beautiful shell held to the woman's ear (don't know that you can actually hear the sea in it, but certainly the news of the important fur hat is told here): Dior-New York. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue. Coat, also Dayton's; Sakowitz. *Right:* Grey wool flannel, *fem. gen.*, from Jane Derby—who's never designed a dress that wasn't. The waist-worthiness in fashion here: a black faille band arcing high enough to emphasize the bosom very gently. Dress, in a Mayflower fabric, about $110, at Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Hudson's. Chinchilla-esque hat, muff: Irene of New York.

KAREN RADKAI







More soft wools, tailoring on the quiet

Right: Black wool broadcloth suit, one of the new *sec* blacks softened with fur; a jacket-line with a waist expertly, gently, indicated. Suit, by Lilli Ann, of Blin & Blin wool; black-dyed Persian lamb collar. About $115. This, Coblentz bag, at Saks 34th. Suit, also Famous-Barr Customcraft shoes. Sally Victor fur beret. *Directly above:* Showing a beautiful curve of waist again, here a jacket not snipped in but softly tied over its dress. By Larry Aldrich, of black and white worsted cheviot (by Stroock); $175. Alligator bag (ready late October). Turban, taller by inches, from Dior-New York. All: Bergdorf Goodman. The costume, also at Nan Duskin. *Left, above:* Here again—this year's softer fashion climate. Bolero-short jacket and Empire sheath, of grey and black worsted herringbone; the top of the dress is of black silk. The costume, by Paul Parnes. $155. Bonwit Teller; Harzfeld's. The side-dipping grey felt beret etched with a modicum of black grosgrain, from Emme. *Left, below:* Fur edging its way into afternoon and dinner fashion on both sides of the Atlantic—black with the late-day time signal of white ermine. The jacket has the double news of a natural waist bloused very lightly. Sheath and jacket, by Frederic Harvey, of black Ellis wool broadcloth, $235. At Bonwit Teller; Woodward & Lothrop. Andrew Geller shoes. The fur beret: Irene of New York.

KAREN RADKAI





Full-length romances: new full cuts for evening

Right: A different story now, with a change
of scene—the big big-party dress.
Relaxed and pretty in its charms,
rather than breathlessly exciting,
it's completely at ease in a sweater here,
can handle galas (unsweatered)
as well as dinners-for-eight.
Silk marquisette, in a subtle new brown,
gently pointed into fullness from a hundred points
low on the hips; the strapless bodice—also pointed,
pleasantly swirled. Vicuña sweater, with baum marten.
From Sophie's custom-order collection
at Saks Fifth Avenue.
Canary and icy diamonds: Cartier.
Left: Romance with no histrionics—rose-ebony
velvet shaped to a sweep that's much too charming
ever to be described as "grand." It's bare
without blatancy, too, and the white rose
is fixed high on the waist—pretty place for it.
It's actually a ball dress, this dress, but could
go to the first nights: the fullness is beautifully
controlled, not likely to sweep programs off laps
all along the aisle. Dress, designed
by Count Sarmi, ready at Elizabeth Arden.
Both pages: décor by Josephine Howell,
using Patterson fabrics.

FRANCES MCLAUGHLIN



RUTLEDGE

Romance in a few close-curved lines

Left: Satin sheath with so much fashion it can afford to be two—which is exactly why we showed two. A woman with the chic for this cut might have this pair (or another, since there's an arc of colours) and know the most beautiful look of her life—dressing by duplicate is a famous way of letting a woman's individuality shine. Both dresses, by Estevez. About $90 each. Marvella earrings. All: Lord & Taylor. Dresses, also at Julius Garfinckel; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. Opalescent make-up and "Perfect Red" lipstick, from Charles of the Ritz.
Right: The camise top dress—great new delicacy in pale-blue lace, bloused above a wide pale-blue ribbon. It's a dress for gala evenings of almost any degree, often with very little more added than its own "jewels"—a light rain of crystals and rhinestones on the bodice. By Ceil Chapman. About $175. Dress, and the Alexette Bacmo gloves: Bergdorf Goodman. Dress, also at Hutzler's; Joseph Magnin. Julianelli slippers.



LEOMBRUNO-BODI



PEOPLE ARE





Ethel Merman: yoicks-and-away in the new musical, "Happy Hunting"

ETHEL MERMAN, who has not hurled a show across Broadway since *Call Me Madam*, will return this season in the rôle of a mother from Philadelphia, the yoicks-and-away of *Happy Hunting*, a new musical by Lindsay and Crouse. *Hunting*'s hand-in-glove authors have already proclaimed their plot original and nonderivative: The lady from Philadelphia, wounded because she was not invited to an important wedding in Monaco—a locale patently invented for the show—resolves to marry her own daughter to a man "more prominent and royal." Or putting it simply, Ethel Merman will cope, as before, with a universe that is a trifle too small for her, full of inconsequentials and breakables. Beyond the jumps, the ornamental quarry brought down by all the happy hunting is Fernando Lamas.

GLYNIS JOHNS, wearing a Salvation Army bonnet, will make her first star appearance on the New York stage in October as the spirited, tambourining heroine of Shaw's *Major Barbara*. Written in 1905, this comedy spins with impressive grace on the character of Andrew Undershaft, a well-adjusted munitions maker with "kindly, patient manners and a waiting, listening face." Like rum-struck Alfred Doolittle in *Pygmalion*, Undershaft—who will be played by Charles Laughton—is an "original moralist," but a rich one, sober, and cheerful about his money, having grasped the fact that "poverty is a crime." Queried about his religion, Undershaft tells his daughter, Barbara, "My religion? Well, my dear, I am a Millionaire. That is my religion."—Although the Salvation Army by no means escapes the trident GBS wit (Shaw implies that its soul-saving is nourished, in part, by donations from the profits of whisky and gunpowder), the London encampment sportingly lent costumes for the first performance. It proved that it was "ready to enter hell to pluck souls from burning." That first production's biggest problem was Harley Granville-Barker, who acted Cusins, a professor of Greek "quite content with the best of everything," a man in love with Barbara and with the big drum used for Salvation marches. Barker beat the drum so willingly he seriously disrupted rehearsals. This time the man on the drum will be Burgess Meredith, whose famously wistful stamina gives him rather an edge as the put-upon Shaw male complaining gently that "it's very wearing to be in love with Barbara."





ROSALIND RUSSELL'S flip turn for being simultaneously romancey and loco is about to fizz again this year when she takes the stage as Auntie Mame, the good-witch eccentric of Patrick Dennis' novel. Flamboyant and imperishable, Mame is any actress' dream, running the full female range from vicarious maternity to world peace, shedding her incalculable charm like a moulting bird of paradise, but saved from the saccharine dip by a shrewd eye for values. Long after Auntie Mame had been declared "a fictional character," the original turned up "for real" on NBC's "The Big Surprise," winning $100 and promising to come back for more.



Rosalind Russell: razzle-dazzle in "Auntie Mame"

TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... Politics, with a high rising buzz, and what makes a candidate telegenic.... The movie, *The Solid Gold Cadillac*, in which Judy Holliday while confusing Big Business, concentrates on romance with a fast, simple-minded campaign which at the end she seems to deny by turning on that famous Holliday Look, furtive and beleaguered.... Richard Lippold's marvellous burst of gold wire, a construction, wavering like the sun seen in a faint haze, at the Metropolitan Museum.... Thérèse Bonney's benign, two-way "Friendship Chain" which gives invitations to American troops, stationed in France, to visit families of fourteen countries in their homes, with both hosts and guests matched more or less in interests, both learning.... The series of good serious records of the work of American composers put out by Composers Recordings, Inc.



Glynis Johns: big-eyed in "Major Barbara"; she seems to order her bones to suit her characters

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... Fire Chief, a plucky little fire extinguisher about the size of a bug-bomb; its backers, an even pluckier lot, demonstrate its powers by igniting dollar bills, then dousing the flames while they are still negotiable.... *Experiments with Mice*, the faintly Pavlov title of an amiable record by the British jazz crush, Johnny Dankworth, who plays with wit and cheer seven variations, swingy to cool, of "Three Blind Mice," chopping off the tails with a Stan Kenton parody called "Theme for a Trio of Sightless Rodents."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... Dr. Henry Borsook, the biochemist who invented MPF, or Multi-Purpose Food, a compound of soybean grits which produces a fortifying meal for 3¢; and the spread, not only of MPF (distributed by the Meals for Millions Foundation in Los Angeles), but of Borsook's idea, which has now touched off several research projects abroad, all aimed at making low-cost food from local products—from peanuts in India, from dates and sesame meal in Iraq.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... The Jean Anouilh play, *Waltz of the Toreadors*, a hit in London, with Hugh Griffith as a raffish old general surrounded by savage types, including a remarkably sinister adolescent, grown too big for her clothes, and talking in a voice several octaves lower than it should be, rather like a debauched baby tuba.... Kathryn Hulme's book, *The Nun's Story*, a strong, unsentimental narrative written on a double beam, one ray focused on the life of a nursing nun in the simmering wards of the Belgian Congo; the other, on her quiet incessant struggle with the ordeal of obedience.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... Bird semantics, an exotic science discovered, apparently, by bird watchers (and listeners), who have managed to prove that old birds teach young birds a limited but serviceable vocabulary of communicating squawks and tremolos.... Richard Church's fragmented autobiography, *Over the Bridge*, covering only his first seventeen years, but revealing with effective immediacy how, in an atmosphere oppressive with lace curtains and boiled greens, he decided to become a poet, and how, although he became one, he remembers still his brother's advice, flat and cool as a cake of ice, "To be really good at any art, you ought to earn your living at it."... The thin seep of tourists back from Russia, strangely triumphant, and sometimes bearing ikons as souvenirs. ... The second-grader who inquired provocatively, "Are wheelbarrows bipeds?"

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... The delicate enchantment of the Italian movie, *La Strada*, a carnival story photographed against desolate seascapes and sparse hills, with an obbligato of hurdy-gurdies and barkers; its star, Giulietta Masina, whose face wears the weathers of emotion with its skin, reflecting the tensions of the script as naturally as a lake reflecting changes of light.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT *continued*

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... *The Outsider*, a stimulating, confused book, written in raw prose by a talented twenty-five-year-old Englishman, Colin Wilson, who feels that the problem of Outsiders "is the unreality of their lives. They become acutely conscious of it when it begins to pain them, but they are not sure of the source of the pain. The ordinary world loses its values, as it does for a man who has been ill for a very long time." ... The pleasant, jumpy rhythms of the song, "The Portuguese Washerwoman," especially when sung in French by Jacqueline François. ... The clear blaze of Paul Scofield in the London theatre this season, first in *Hamlet*, and recently in T. S. Eliot's *Family Reunion;* in between these rôles, he played, with brilliance, the Mexican priest in *The Power and the Glory*, a strong play adapted from the Graham Greene novel; it starts and ends in a dentist's chair.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... This variant drink, a Major Bailey: just gin and lime, ice, mint, and a little Falernum. ... The movie, *Lust for Life*, which catches the "caged, frightened, and lonely" life of Vincent Van Gogh as well as the violence, terror, and love in his paintings, many of them blown up and shown on the wide-screen, with the camera moving later across the landscapes that the painter saw, the blind coal caverns of the Borinage, the pink-flowered orchards of Arles, the city hall of Auvers on Bastille Day. An eloquent seminar on art, with Seurat, Pissarro, and Gauguin explaining their techniques, the film, apart from some rather bad dialogue and a rather good score, is relatively silent. The adroit, continuing commentary seems to have been plucked from the letters Van Gogh wrote to his brother, Theo. (To Gauguin's angry dislike of Van Gogh's undisciplined painting fury, "You paint too fast," Van Gogh answered superbly, "You look too fast.")... The man who went on a so-called Rockefeller Diet and ate nothing but money for two weeks.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT... London's La Reserve, a new and beautiful restaurant, with a ravishing De Staël still life in the entrance.... The number of German best-selling novels in which the central figures are always Nazi soldiers on the Russian front, soldiers who never, never attack the Americans, the British, or the French.... The Columbia record, *Sidney Bechet*, with Bechet on the saxophone, with a tone that is curiously young and innocent in songs that are usually neither.... The phrase for everything's all right: "Nothing's shaking."

ALBRECHT DÜRER'S drawing, Head of a Woman, shown here in its actual size, reflects compellingly the opposite forces that ruled this northern contemporary of Leonardo da Vinci. Dürer, a Nuremberg German, absorbed the elements of draughtsmanship from his father, a goldsmith of the first rank, preoccupied with magnificent medallions and complex ornament. Caught at the centre of the seismic conflict between mediaevalism and the Renaissance in Europe, he became the special friend of Martin Luther and the Reformers. Living part of the time in Venice, he felt strongly the pull of the Humanists, the appeal of linear virility in Italian painting. (And besides that, the seductive triumph of Italy: "How shall I long for the sun in the cold," he wrote in 1506.) From the North, he retained a certain gnarled Gothic shrewdness. This head, a superb example of Dürer's later years, was shown recently at New York's Metropolitan Museum with an exhibition of drawings on loan from the great museums and private collections of West Germany; it belongs to the famous collection of Robert Lehman, a New York banker. From the face—recognizable for its apparent bones, faintly bulbous eyes, and curling mouth—it seems probable that this Head was one of several studies of Saint Catharine sketched by Dürer for the *Sacra Conversazione*, an altarpiece which was the expected climax of his seventy-odd paintings. Unfortunately, it was never completed. On a visit to the Netherlands, Dürer went into the Zeeland swamps to see a whale that had been washed ashore; it disappeared before he could see it. In the attempt, however, he contracted malaria and died several years later, with his mind, as he often said, "full of inward figures," but with the *Sacra Conversazione* unfinished.



HEAD OF A WOMAN BY ALBRECHT DÜRER

(From the Collection of Robert Lehman)

REVISITATION

By Anne Morrow Lindbergh

You have been dead for months; the daylight mind
Has noted in its record the exact
Moment of dying, has transferred the fact
To its dream-counterpart—the shadowy pool
Where all events are mirrored upside down,
Distorted but more vivid than by day—
That nowhere on this earth can you be found;
Not here, not there, nor on a journey bound
From which you'll soon be back. Not just away,
But gone "for good," you are.
Even though I know,
And grief is past and life goes on—even so,
Still I must make a faithful pilgrimage
To those particular landmarks that were yours,
Or intimately haunted by your sight;
Not in the hope of finding you again,
Not in obeisance to your memory,
Nor self-indulgently in search of pain.

No, I must go
Back to the places where you put your hand,
To see them now without you, gutted, bare,
Swept hollow of your presence. I must stand
Alone and in their empty faces stare,
To find another truth I do not know;
To balance those unequal shifted planes
Of our existence, yours and mine; to fix
The whirling landscapes of the heart in which
I walk a stranger both to space and time.

I must go back;
In each familiar corner wait until
I witness once again the flesh turn cold,
The spirit parting from the body's hold;
And let it go, and love the landscape still;
But now on only for itself alone,
As you once loved it when, in flesh and bone,
You walked it first, naked of memories,
And sharp with life, you loved its flesh and bone.
For I must meet and marry in myself
The truth of what has ended, what is new;
The past and future; death and life. And when
At last the two conflicting pairs are met;
The planes are balanced and the landscapes set;
The strands of past and future tied in one
Tough, weather-beaten, salted twist of hemp,
The present—Then
I shall be able to refind myself,
And also, you.

From *The Unicorn and Other Poems,* by Anne Morrow Lindbergh

Getting around in city fashion—by Vespa

One of the prettiest advocates of an incoming transit system for young New Yorkers—Melissa Weston, who travels to TV and modelling assignments on her Vespa motor-scooter. This Italian import can be driven in city dress, even in high city-heels (it's mostly hand-operated); supplies 100 miles per gallon; is as airy as walking—but 6 h.p. faster. *Above:* Day dress—tiny grey pleats of Alamac's Thalspun jersey (Orlon and wool). By Nantucket Naturals, $45. This, at Best's; J. P. Allen; Frost Bros. Shoes from Andrew Geller. *Right:* Arrival by Vespa by six P.M. appointment—pre-theatre dinner party at the Hotel Pierre. Fur jacket, from Revillon: white bleached Canadian fox collar fluffing deeply over a shorter cut of black-dyed Alaska fur seal. The dress, by Mollie Parnis; details, page 181 .

HORST





Strictly city furs—softly beautiful now

They're not very likely to step out of the city (any more than jewelled satin slippers are likely to plough across country fields)—these exciting new cuts in fur, with a new softness, a romantic new feeling. Without those two qualities, what top fashion can manage today?

This page: Mutation mink. gently rounded into the news—and no getting round its terrific look of city elegance, day or evening. The coat, all horizontal bands of Emba Autumn Haze mutation mink. Revillon; I. Magnin. Lucille bag, at Bergdorf Goodman.

Facing page: The new romance, wrapped up in fur—a glisten of black-dyed Russian broadtail lamb (Hammer Brand processed), and depths of caviar-black mink (also dyed). For late-day, dinner, the theatre. By Ben Kahn. Henri Bendel; Creed's of Toronto.

Both hats: Sally Victor satin draperies.





Beauty points for the new fashion



Points made by the page at right: this is the dressing beyond the dress itself. The plan's the thing, and an eye for colour that's never wide-eyed—some very shrewd fashion-judgments are called for now that there's so much brilliance about.

Dazzled momentarily? We've got the plans right here.

First point, top of page, a look based on evening black—and dressed this way: with iridescent rhinestones that could take a shine to the new deepened reds, Chinese greens, as well. Bib ($100*) and earrings ($12.50*), by Trifari: Saks Fifth Avenue. Softness in stocking shade: a pale apricot called "Magic Wand" by Hummingbird. Two shades of lipstick—coral over pink, with coral for the nail polish.

Second point, based on late-day or evening brown or taupe—black "diamonds," for a woman who's mixing brown and black in fashion. Earrings, $35*; bracelets, $75* each. All, by Nettie Rosenstein: Bonwit Teller. Stocking choice: taupe in a depth that looks dark in the box, pales mistily on the legs—"Saucy" by Kayser. Lips, fingernails—gentle pink.

Third point, based on garnet red, with a garnet-red hat to make the point. Stocking plan (equally good with soft greens, indigo and sapphire blues): pale gold but still neutral—"Premiere" by Van Raalte. Make-up here: clear red lipstick, nail polish. Velvet hat, by Emme.

Earrings, by Boucher, $6*, at Lord & Taylor.

Fourth point, final point, based on daytime colours with black behind them—taupes, pewter—worn with a "Taupe" stocking by Berkshire, lively enough to get into an all-black picture, too. Castlecliff bracelets and earrings, fused gilt braids; $7.50* each and $4* respectively, at Altman's. Lively coral make-up.

Make-up point, made in each case by Helena Rubinstein lipsticks—"True Coral," "Sporting Pink," and "True Red" (nail polish: hers, too).

HORST



Black theatre suit; strong jewel point

This page, centre: Traina-Norell urbanity—*sec* black tweed suit, street-length, the bare-throated jacket carrying its own complement of jewels (satin ribbon, domed buttons). This, and the "pearls" in collar arrangement by Marvella: Rosette Pennington.

Suit, also Neiman-Marcus. Winged tulle hat: Sally Victor.

Top left: Filmed through a clear-coloured almost no-colour stocking—glitter in the round, to pin on a far-reaching black hat. Rhinestones, by Eisenberg, $25*. Saks Fifth Avenue. "Fantasia" stockings, by Archer.

Below left: The stocking in a beige very close to nature—"Starlight" by NoMend. Pear-shaped rhinestones, enough pin to be all the jewellery on a black dinner dress. By Eisenberg, $20*: Henri Bendel.

*PLUS TAX

KAREN RADKAI





Discoveries in beauty — for fashion

DISCOVERY FOR FACE-VEILS: first, if the veil's a close one,
have it fitted a hair's breadth *away* from your eyelashes—if you can't bat
your lashes comfortably, the fit's too fitted. (You can help matters, too,
by curling just the tips of your lashes with one of those Kurlash devices.)
Second, whether the veil's a close one or a flyaway one,
wear a lipstick with a non-smear ingredient.
You can fix things further, if you like, by adding a clear fixative
called Lip-Stae (you paint it on right over your lipstick).
Third, look into the news of a lotion that's meant to clarify
the skin's texture *and* help its contour simultaneously
(the chin's contour: a point of focus with face-veils).
It's Marie Earle's Aralinn by Lilly Daché, a blend of oils and astringents;
used according to directions, it provides a capsule facial treatment.

DISCOVERY FOR ROMANTIC HATS: the need for
young-looking coiffures. Somehow, hats are such substantial powers in
themselves, now, that it's necessary to give them a sort of silky, soft
youngness of coiffure. Under turbans, the hair should be no longer than
mid-neck length. Under brimmed casual hats, any length, as long as the hair's
not slicked back all around. Under no circumstances, with *any* of the
new hats, should the coiffure involve elaborate loops and coils.
(We're in a period of fashion that has certain period-overtones—
smartest way to coif it is in a contemporary way.)

DISCOVERY FOR V BACKLINES: make-up that's matte
(it's greaseless); that spreads an even colour (there's a pale shade and a deeper one
for complexions fading out from sun tan); that works, actively, as a beauty treatment
(it's medicated). Dorothy Gray's Foundation 445 (buff it with cotton, after).

DISCOVERY FOR DÉCOLLETAGES: a positive glow.
The skin from shoulder to shoulder across the chest is a fine place to apply
the news of DuBarry's Vibrance, one of the few masques designed for daily use.
We'd apply it before showering or bathing—and include the face.

DISCOVERY FOR THE VISIBLE-AGAIN WAISTLINE:
diet, correct foundation, and *work*. Working wonders, it seems,
is the Slenderella method. We watched—fascinated—the measurement-chart
of a Vogue mannequin, recently; her figure was refitted
for Paris clothes in something like three weeks of Slenderella's time (and hers).
As for the work itself: theirs, *not* hers. (She found it restful, she tells us.)

DISCOVERY FOR UNEVEN EVENING SKIRTS: the special
need for pretty feet. In a pedicure at Elizabeth Arden's salon, the paraffin
treatment goes on; the foot's encased in wax and emerges smooth as silk.
Another discovery for longer or seismographic skirts:
the necessity for shoes being sent for their own beauty treatments regularly
(the slightest scuffing or smudging—much more evident).

DISCOVERY FOR THE NEW ROMANTIC DRESSING: perfume.
It's *suggested* by every dress on pages 132 to 137; you can almost whiff
its presence in the furs; pages 126 and 127. The point is, where there are
looks like these, perfume's *expected*. We can't stress it too often:
even a great perfume, used daily, costs only pennies a day.

DISCOVERY IN FASHION—
FOR BEAUTY
Facing page: Discovered in
the new taupes and browns of fashion,
in the offbeat blues and blued mauves,
in the smoky greens, darkening reds,
and positive blacks: simply this—
a need for a strong red lipstick.
Which is precisely what Max Factor's
new "Red Contrast"
was formulated to supply.
Supplies something extra, too:
the glistening new Hi-Fi formula—
quick-setting, long-lasting, non-fading.
Delicious surroundings here:
turquoise and diamond jewels
from David Webb.



A fine romance,
with much fashion:
soft evening black—
six pages







Farthest left: Black-chiffon ripples that round some slender, pretty curves while en route to your evening slippers. The dress (string straps) could dance for years—news now, it will be a beautiful classic later. By Haroú, $95. Dress, handbag, swinging earrings: Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress, also at Harzfeld's. *Directly left:* Long velvet dinner suit—dress with an option on the longer evening sleeves. A jacket covers the halter; a white organdie jabot goes along; the fashion arrives all dressed (add a few etceteras—and yourself). By Kasper, about $125; black Du Pont acetate-and-rayon velvet. Bonwit Teller; Burdine's. *Above:* Silk bareback dress, even more becoming with a trail, as here. Higher in front; longer sleeves; day-length evening skirt (Paris preference). By Marjorie Michael, about $95. Gunther Jaeckel; Bullock's-Wilshire. Miriam Haskell jewelled headband. *Right:* New tutu—dress cut especially for dancing, with taffeta pin-pleats spun wide from a black velvet top beaded in would-be jet. Also: quite sensational look at dinners-out on any continent (only Atlantis not yet heard from), under black velvet hats: this tricorne, or a great velvet canopy. Dress by Rudolf, about $235. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's. Tricorne hat: Emme.

HORST





Above: Invaluable black (not just its dollar value, either—high); romantic black; black as long-lived as one can reasonably expect of fine fabric, workmanship. Follow closely here: what you're seeing up top is a whole new kind of cashmere sweater, with a built-in collar of silk marquisette, matching the strapless dress underneath. Day-length—dance-width; velvet décor on the bodice. A Sophie Original, at Saks Fifth Avenue. *Left:* White chiffon drapery for a bareback black wool dinner dress (included not only because it's Paris news; for soft flattery, too). The shoulder-blade belt—meant to keep bosom-curves close and high. By Werlé, in fine-spun British woollen; $155. Bergdorf Goodman; Lillie Rubin. Emme hat. Delman shoes. *Near right:* The shirt in black velvet, dress-length, blousing above a grosgrain belt (always regulation for shirts proper; now, the softening for dresses). This nonchalant elegance of cut, on the right woman, can be evening dress for any little evening. By Larry Aldrich, in acetate and Avisco rayon velvet, $90. Saks Fifth Avenue; Julius Garfinckel. Shoe-news—buckles, straight cut: Andrew Geller. Hat, by Sally Victor. *Far right:* Black in the spirit of elegance today—meaning the spirit of 1912 permeating fashion now—a dress for short-evening-dress evenings. It's silk crêpe, with curves of fine Irish lace, drapery from a high velvet waistband: nostalgia but news. By Howard Greer, about $245. Jay Thorpe; Marshall Field; J. W. Robinson. The bow-tied black shoes, at Delman.



Romanticized black *continued*

HORST







Far left: Black matte jersey and chiffon, with the jersey clinging very expertly. If the frothy hat weren't taking the dress out to dinner, jewels would be added, at least—a dress like this can take the full Madame X treatment. By Edward Abbott; $110. Dress, and rhinestone earrings, at Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman. Dress: Montaldo's. Hat, a velvet canopy: Emme. *Near left:* Black sheer wool dress taking in the cape fashion by collar. Softness, in addition: sleeves, panels, tulle hat (Sally Victor). A dress like this reduces the when-in-doubt problem to nil. By Jerry Parnis, about $60. At Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Andrew Geller shoes. *Directly above:* Velvet evening suit, the naturally-waisted little jacket bringing a small waist back into focus. The blackest black, the whitest white: that's the idea here, carried out with ermine, white taffeta striping. Suit, by Leonard Arkin, of Estron acetate and rayon velvet, $70. This, and the muff: Jay Thorpe. Suit, also: Wanamaker's, Phila. Hat-sized hairbow, by Emme. *Right:* Black velveteen sheath, white faille collar, and nothing else to it but—everything. Dress, of Merrimack velveteen, by R & K; $25. Kidskin gloves by Superb. All: Lord & Taylor. Dress, also at Frederick & Nelson. Part of the "everything": a feathered hat, by Emme.

Below: 1956 shoe outline, 1910 revamped.
Tongued, buckled, set on a Louis heel
that's fluted inside, a fine new suit shoe
of amber-coloured calfskin. By Mademoiselle, $18.
Lord & Taylor; Stix, Baer & Fuller.



Paced for today: 1910 shoe ideas, revamped



Above: New form of Oxford elegance—drawing on 1910
for its oversize bow, its grosgrain lacing (and taking a Louis heel,
and a straight, slender line while it's about it). Amber-brown calfskin.
By Evins, about $50. At I. Miller; Neiman-Marcus.
Both designs, this page, made in Hubschman calfskin.

Right: Evening side of the 1956 rage
for shoes with 1910 delicacy:
opera pumps with good-sized bows,
fluted Louis heels—and straight-sided
silhouettes from heel to toe.
Top, dull gold lamé with an ivory satin
bow gathered into a band of lamé.
Below, ivory satin opera pump,
its three soft bows sewn
with fake seed pearls.
Both, by Margaret Jerrold,
about $25 in either case.
At Lord & Taylor; Joseph Magnin.

New sleight of hand

THE WAYS OF 7 SAN FRANCISCO HOSTESSES

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Although there are still plenty of American women who entertain more or less as their mothers did, there are many who do not. The newer, and younger, approach implies more work by the hostess—and fortunately this happens at a time when the country has a soaring interest in good amateur cooking. (Never before have so many cookbooks been sold.) Some of those amateurs, who can do a good Quiche Lorraine, prefer to extemporize, or to try out such tricks as basting lamb with coffee, lacing chicken with Scotch, putting a little vermouth into fish dishes. They know all about hand-ground Tellicherry pepper, and the spoonful of Dessaux Fils vinegar. (Obviously some of this rage for cooking is linked with the dwindling number and the rocketed wages of cooks, maids, and butlers.) In this article are the party strategies of seven San Francisco hostesses, each of them a competent cook. One does all the cooking, some do everyday meals, hiring a special cook for parties. Still others cook part of the party food, leaving early preparations and final tasks to a cook. But all rely on themselves, partly or completely, for the successful food at their parties, each woman her own impresario.*

In San Francisco the culinary arts have an impressive past: in the 1860s, Mrs. William Tevis, the daughter of Governor Pacheco, wrote in her own cookbook that if she sat down to dinner at six-thirty and rose before midnight, she considered the dinner a failure; either the serving had been rushed, or one or two of the proper eighteen courses had been dropped.

A somewhat later, if still remote, tradition was established by Walter Hobart, a sportsman, whose custom it was to bring home guests after the Sunday polo game in Burlingame. In his own small butcher shop—a forerunner of the deep-freeze locker—he mixed a potent Garizibeo (1 pint orange juice, 1 quart champagne, half a pint of brandy, 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar, with a few slices of cucumber). While they sipped this, his guests selected a cut of meat. Mr. Hobart then clapped his hands, and the chef appeared to take over.

We can still get results by the current equivalent of a hand-clap, but the gesture is costly. A good cook comes high, and so most of us compromise, supplementing less costly talents with our own, with free-lance help, or services. Almost a third of all San Francisco's full-time servants are Orientals, many of them descendants of the Chinese who came over in the 1860s to work on the construction of the transcontinental railroad. The mainstay of my own household is Masami Teraoka, a Japanese boy who does the housework and washing up. I do the cooking myself, except for large dinner parties, when I hire an experienced cook and extra maids; Masami turns butler.

Although we usually share the task of getting meals, when Masami cooks his native dish, sukiyaki, I am an enchanted audience. Here is the menu—which we especially like for small Sunday night suppers; the asterisk, here and elsewhere in this article, indicates a recipe given in full at the end.

CLAM BROTH
SUKIYAKI*
Japanese sake warmed and served in sake cups
RASPBERRY SHERBERT
with petits palmiers
COFFEE

Naturally, the sukiyaki system is not for everyone; and not everyone has a Masami. Here are six other plans, all in one way, or several, characteristic of San Francisco, now.

Two cooks—one free-lance; one, the hostess:

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Sullivan, junior, plot most of their entertaining around the seated formal dinner for ten to sixteen people. A sure, intelligent cook, Mrs. Sullivan has had an interest in cooking since the age of ten, when she was allowed to join the Napa Valley wine-tasting parties at the vineyard of her grandmother, Mrs. Georges de Latour. Now she does most of the everyday cooking herself and a good share of party cooking, but for a large dinner party she needs a cook and two maids. Their rôles, however, are secondary, for the character and excellence of the food is supremely hers. After a routine check of their party diary (which records the dates, guests, food, and wine of dinners past), the Sullivans might arrive at a menu like this:

PANCAKES BAUER*
CHICKEN SAUTÉ À SEC
NEW POTATOES RISSOLES
ARTICHOKE HEARTS*
Beaulieu Chablis '52
RUSSICHE CREAM*
Beaulieu Cabernet Sauvignon Private Reserve '46
FRENCH ROAST COFFEE
Liqueurs

The day before the party, Mrs. Sullivan shops and sets the table—white damask cloth, off-white china with a sheaf of wheat in the centre, rather plain silver, and thin, long-stemmed wineglasses with large bowls; so that the bouquet may be properly savoured, the glasses are never filled more than halfway.

On the morning of the party, Mrs. Sullivan peels the artichoke hearts, leaving them in water with a little lemon juice so that they will not turn brown. Then she boils the eggs for the pancake filling and chops them; arranges the flowers. After lunch,

First in a series of articles on how to add outside resources to household talent; here, seven menus, twelve recipes, and some sharp personal tips. Next in the series: Entertaining in Chicago.

for entertaining

By DOROTHEA WALKER

she makes the pancakes, counting three for each male guest, two for each woman. At four o'clock the cook comes in and sets about fixing the potatoes, getting the chickens ready for the fire. Together she and Mrs. Sullivan fill the pancakes. Between five and eight. the cook functions pretty much on her own; she sautés separately the chicken, the potatoes, and the artichokes. Later, when the waitresses have alerted her that the guests are finishing the main course, she whips up the Russiche Cream.

A resident cook, free-lance maids: Some of the gayest, handsomest parties in San Francisco are given on still another wave length by Mrs. Turner McBaine, who works on the San Francisco Museum Board and has a full-time job besides. The look of a party and the accurate proportioning of guests—some for seasoning, some for substance—are as important to Mrs. McBaine as the menu. Her dinners are usually buffet, with about sixteen guests seated at small tables in the black and white and yellow dining room. She uses black-and-white checked linen tablecloths, knives and forks with white porcelain handles, gold china ovenware, and ingenious masses of vivid yellow flowers.

For technical execution, Mrs. McBaine believes in employing one full-time, really dependable cook with whom she can—and does—work successfully. Since the first and last courses of her buffet dinners are served, she also requires three auxiliary maids for a dinner of sixteen. The firm hand is obviously her own, and the particular interest in this menu, the Petite Marmite.

PETITE MARMITE*
CROWN OF LAMB
TINY POTATO BALLS
STRING BEANS
LIMESTONE LETTUCE SALAD
with simple French dressing
PORT DE DANOIS CHEESE
FRESH SPINACH SALAD WITH CHOPPED BACON,
tart vinaigrette dressing
Clos de Vougeot or any good Burgundy
CHOCOLATE MOUSSE*
vanilla and kirsch sauce
ITALIAN COFFEE
Liqueurs

Double staff: Quite another blueprint charts the seated dinners of Mrs. A. W. Bourn Vincent, a Frenchwoman with both talent and affection for cookery and an amazing collection of recipes, some so venerable they begin with such statements as, "Shoot six pheasants." At her country house in Saratoga, sixty miles from San Francisco, Mrs. Vincent has a good French cook, Valentine, with whom she works. On week ends when she plans to entertain, she takes with her, from the Vincents' town house, her butler, Noel, and, for a dinner of more than eight guests, she hires an extra maid in Saratoga.

The day before the party, Mrs. Vincent looks over the linen, china, and silver, arranging for last-minute polishing, and, in fact, for any household tasks not concerned with actual cooking. Last of all, she cuts the flowers so that they can stand in deep water overnight, and writes, in French, the menu. This, with some translation, is a characteristic dinner for twelve:

EGGS ELISABETH, SAUCE CUPERTINO*
Wehlener Sonnenuhr Riesling Spätlese '52
PHEASANT SUVAROV*, STRAW POTATOES
Beaulieu Cabernet Sauvignon Private Reserve '47
SALADE DE PARIS*
CHEESE WITH ENGLISH WATER BISCUITS
(Gorgonzola, Wisconsin Swiss, Rouge et Noir breakfast cheese)
MERINGUE VALENTINE
FRENCH ROAST COFFEE
Framboise liqueur
Cognac

The only cook, the hostess: A young and vigorous planner with three young, vigorous children, Mrs. Gardiner Howland Meyer concentrates on informal parties and does practically all her own cooking with an occasional lift from the Swiss girl who looks after the children. Aside from really remarkable quantities of energy, Mrs. Meyer has a gift for swinging into action on the spur of the moment; she is fearless, for example, about inviting as many as a dozen supper guests to go home with her after a cocktail party.

At the Meyers' country house in Sugar Bowl, where they go to ski, week ends involve a number of house guests, sometimes with as many as five extra children. Mrs. Meyer also skis. For luncheon for eight adults, she might have:

OXTAIL STEW*
TOASTED SOUR FRENCH BREAD
MIXED GREEN SALAD
Almadén Pinot Noir
PEACHES WITH SOUR CREAM
OATMEAL COOKIES
COFFEE

Before taking to the slopes in the morning, Mrs. Meyer puts in a short interval of concentrated effort in the kitchen. The stew, of course, has been prepared in advance; she takes it out of the freezer, washes the salad greens, slices bread, sets out the wine, fills the coffeepot, puts the cookies on a plate, empties a can or two of Libby's Elberta peaches into a bowl, which then goes into the icebox. Finally she stacks the breakfast dishes in the dishwasher, turns it on, and sets out with her skis and several children with *their* skis. (This girl has stamina.)

The maid does the beds and the (*Continued on page 179*)

Life with suits—
easy as this





Above: Tobacco wool tweed, mellow mix of brown and beige (combination much in evidence in Paris, incidentally), shaped here in a suit that's good fashion wherever the living's easy (country, here—but just as easily for casual city life). $40. By Glenhaven. At Stern's; Famous-Barr. *Left:* Easy blousing, a touch of belt, a colour that's deep in fashion news—dark red suit with a pat of velvet at the collar. Pictured here, its city life (notice the hat's extra measure of height); another good look: same suit with a white silk shirt, a neckline full of pearls, no hat. Suit, by Duchess Royal, in Avisco rayon and acetate tweed, $40. At Bonwit Teller. Hat, from John Frederics. *Facing page:* Short cut to the new casualness—a coat beautifully organized with its own suit. The coat, one of the new offbeat plaids; suit, a new offbeat brown (it's the warm amber colour of Grand Marnier). Costume, by Handmacher in wool tweed, keyed to casual living from Syosset to Seattle. Together, about $120. At Altman's; Hudson's; L. S. Ayres. Mark Cross bag. The complexion glow: Coty's liquid make-up called French Formula (the shade, "Beige Tint"); Coty's "24" lipstick—Bright.





Well-groomed lynx: newest fur about town

Among the long-maned furs spilling all over American and Paris fashion, there's no more beautiful blond than lynx. It's a fur with tremendous character (nothing retiring about it); still has a fabulous quality that's been groomed to a lovely new ease now for city *or* country life: fur news on its own—or with fabric. *Facing page:* Perfect measure of lynx for city sheaths, the new three-quarter cut. And, for good measure, a soft fluff of fisher for a collar. This city sheath: black worsted jersey. The coat, by B. Wollman, in Russian lynx with natural Canadian fisher; the dress, $50, by Harmay in Heller fabric. Both, at: Henri Bendel; Frost Bros. Lucille bag, Emme jersey turban, also: Henri Bendel. Gold and diamond jewels: Schlumberger of Tiffany. Complexion, and "Holly Red" lipstick—flattery from Yardley. *Right:* Lynx grooming pale-blond tweed—a long, smooth curl of fur rounding the edges of a soft-wrapping coat. It's a coat that will probably be like a second winter home—you'll be in it city, country, day, or evening, with dresses in any colour (and think of it for the theatre over a bare, black sheath and a pride of rhinestones). Coat, by Rafi in Anglo fabric, the collar of Canadian lynx, about $235; at Russeks; Hudson's.

FRANCES MCLAUGHLIN





Brocade, any evening now

Three triumphs made easy by the new Vogue Patterns

Fine subject for a gold thimble: the new brocades (they're going to be fashion luminaries this season). In fact, you may feel more like a jeweller than a needlewoman as you work—sewing one of these shimmering blond brocade little-evening dresses. And there's amazingly little work involved—new Vogue printed and perforated Patterns are crystal-clear, and one of these three is labelled "Very Easy to Make," which means *super*-crystal-clear. Before you start—consider getting an extra half-yard of the material from which to have matching opera pumps made. Or, have your shoes match one colour in the brocade, or one metallic thread. With the pale brocade of the shirtwaist dinner dress, left, bright-red velvet opera pumps would be delicious—so would a bright-red velvet coat. Other coat ideas, over brocade—orange fleece; blond cashmere. As for jewellery—with either of the two sheaths, little. With the shirtwaist dress, you might leave off the pearls, some nights; substitute big, sparkling earrings and cuff links. *Left:* Shirtwaist dinner dress, simple in cut, elegant in material—here, blond Paisley-patterned brocade. The wide skirt is flat at the front, gathered at sides and back; sleeves are long, with cuff link possibilities (see above). Pattern S-4730, worn here with ropes of unreal pearls by Trifari. *Directly right:* Slender, gleaming dinner sheath, here in star-patterned blond brocade; its neckline straight across fore and aft, sleeves cut in one with front sections. Pattern 8930, "Very Easy to Make"; a sleeveless version is included. *Far right:* A dinner sheath that's deeply V'd at the back, high at the front—charming here in rose-patterned blond brocade. Another charm—it possesses only three main seams. Pattern S-4729. *All three dresses,* made in Onondaga's pure silk brocade.

For back views, sizes, yardages, please see page 185.



VOGUE PATTERN S-4730

VOGUE PATTERN 8930
"VERY EASY TO MAKE"

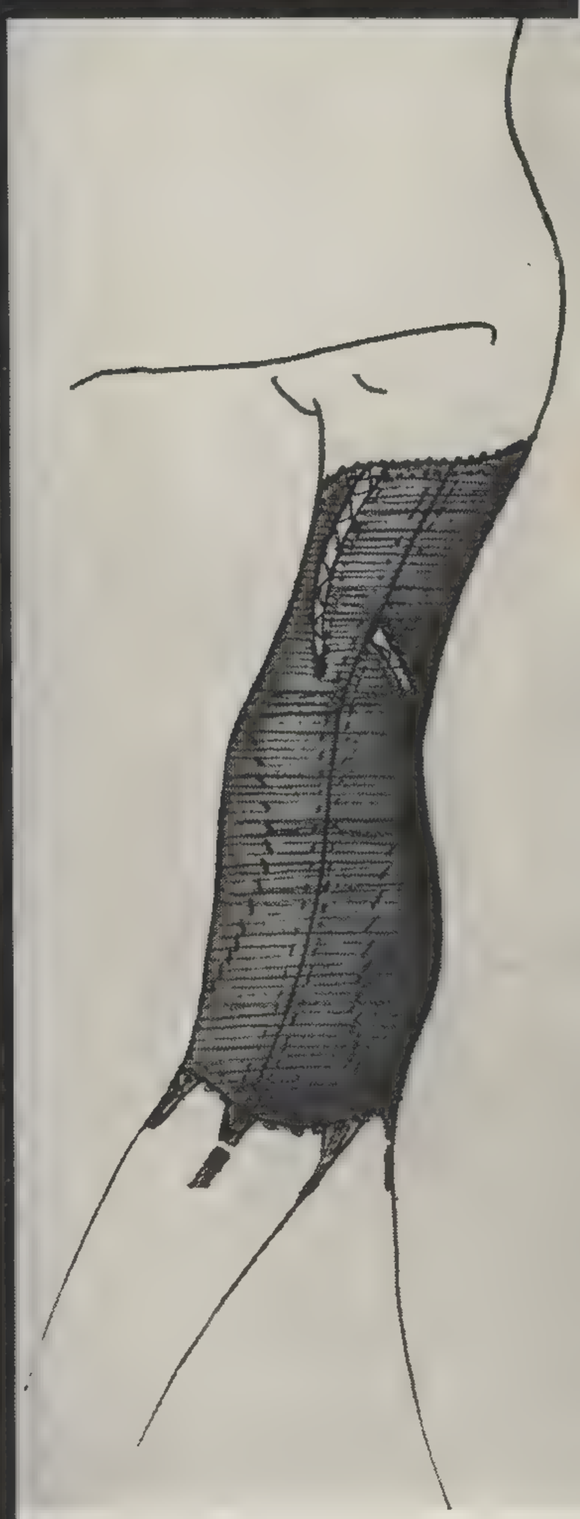
VOGUE PATTERN S-4729



The makings of a new midriff —long and slim. All-in-one of black nylon power net (Ansonia fabric); nylon lace. By Lady Marlene. $25. Franklin Simon.



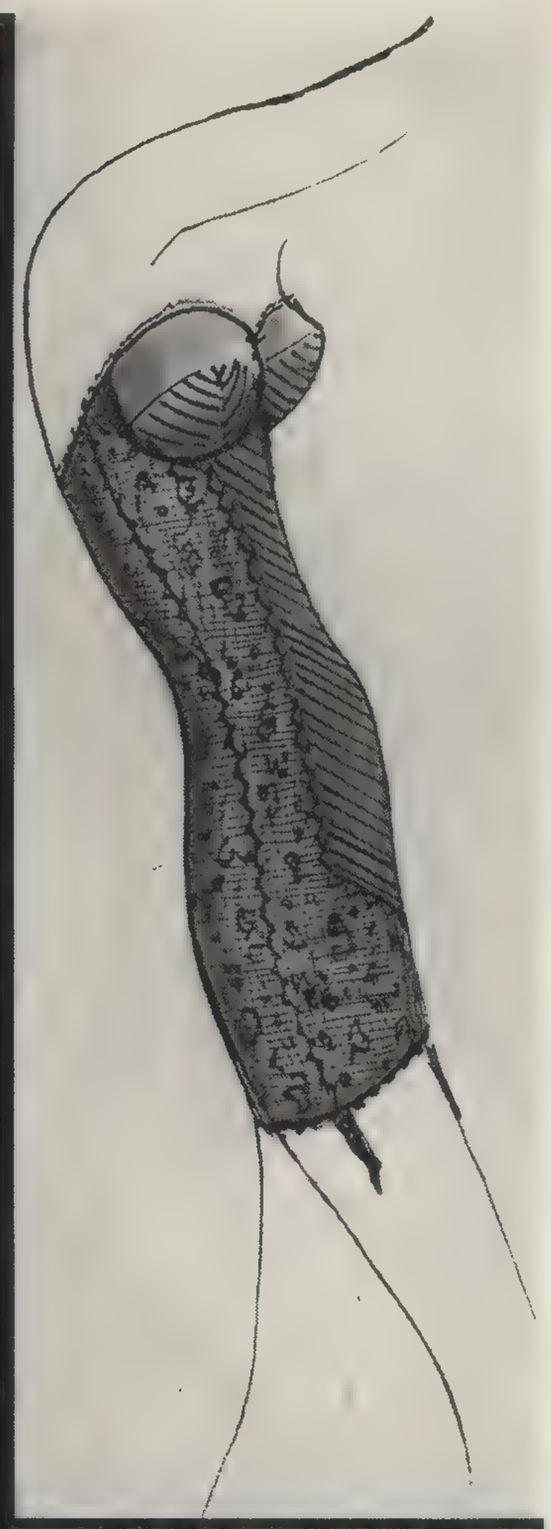
Altitude record—new high girdle, higher still at back. Black nylon power net. Scandale girdle by Tru-Balance. $22.50. Best's.



How to have the figure new fashions ask for



High and mighty (but not weighty): tall girdle of white nylon power net shaped by crisscross bands. By Peter Pan. $18.50. Macy's.



For a long, taut midriff, high rounded bosom—black all-in-one, mainly nylon jacquard lace, marquisette. By Treo. $35. Lord & Taylor.



Coming in with the new fashions—a new figure: the waistline really a "line" now, and a long one—it's defined, controlled, to a point almost under the bosom. (This long, taut midriff is important under most new fashions, even those not labelled "high-waisted.") Above this, the bosom is high, rounded. Easiest way to achieve the look—a new tall girdle or all-in-one; here, six of the newest, in black and white.
Large sketch, at left: The rise of the girdle—this new white one soars three inches above the "normal" waistline. Designed by Givenchy for Jantzen, in diagonally cut panels of nylon power net and elasticized satin. $12.50. Saks Fifth Avenue.
Large sketch, at right: New black all-in-one, engineered so the brassière rides almost free of the tall, sleek girdle (it's anchored only at the sides). Black nylon power net, satin with Lastex, and lace. By Olga of California. About $28. Lord & Taylor.

What to wear under black: more black

Slender black half-slip, beautifully built up of flat tucks from hem to waist. Nylon tricot, lace. By Saramae. $11. Best's.







New under black sheaths—a black half-sheath. Celanese acetate taffeta; nylon lace hem. By Virginia Wallace. $15. Bonwit Teller.

Black-on-black look—hand-run nylon Alençon lace appliquéd on nylon tricot. Lace hem. By Odette Barsa. $30. Bergdorf Goodman.



Among the delicious results of this season's rush of blacks—a rush of really beautiful black lingerie to wear under it. (Lovely contrast with some seasons we can recall, when a pretty black slip was about as easy to find as a black pearl!) Eight new examples shown here—some tailored, some lacy, one *solid* lace—all, blissfully easy to maintain. *Large sketch, left:* The black slip that's completely lace from bodice to hem, moulded to the new high-waisted line (there's a side zipper, in case you're wondering about entrance requirements). The lace, black Alençon—veiling a pink under-sheath of tricot; all, Du Pont nylon. By Van Raalte. $19, at Saks Fifth Avenue.



Black-on-black: here, all-over embroidery on a nylon tricot half-sheath, edged in lace. By Faerie. $6. Altman's.





Half-slip with a generously wide slit at one side—any side you choose—to underwrite any slit skirt. Black nylon tricot, trimmed in nylon satin. By Tempo. $4. Lord & Taylor.



Large sketch, left: Call it the Empire look, or the high-waisted look—it's nowhere more prevalent than in new lingerie; and nowhere prettier than when the lingerie's black. Here, black Du Pont nylon tricot delicately coaxed into an Empire line, the bodice underscored, the hem outlined in black nylon Alençon lace. By Munsingwear; $9. Altman's.
Large sketch, right: The lovely, lacy kind of slip you expect to see in white in a bride's trousseau—now, it looks unexpectedly fresh and charming in black. Drifts of nylon Alençon lace cover the entire bodice, almost curtain the skirt; the rest—a sheath of nylon tricot. By Rogers; $13. At Franklin Simon.

Pagnan.



Good-buys bulletin—easy September reading

Very easy reading indeed: the price tags accompanying the clothes on these two pages. Might in fact answer several September-and-on needs, on the spot. *Directly left:* Fine place for a wardrobe to begin—whether price tag is a factor or not: with a slender dress that combines the news of brown and black (in stripes). It's worsted jersey—another point: relaxed fabric that doesn't relax its hold on fashion for a minute (this season's one of its strongest to date). Notice the soft blousing, the neckline possibilities—collections of pearls, or chiffon might come in here. This, by Nelly Don, in a Heller fabric, $30. Newest way to make a beret: in civet cat. Dress: Altman's; L. S. Ayres; Dayton's. Coro make-believe pearl necklace, hat by Beatrice Martin: Altman's. Evins shoes, from I. Miller.



Left: Late-day tweed in an offbeat colour—subtle, toned-down green (very quieting to bankbooks, too, as it happens—the price tag reads $20). Cut for junior-size figures, it's a sheath with a slender, slightly heightened waistline. Wear it under a short coat, fur or not (it might be lucky enough to fall into the arms of the new city-groomed lynx). By Lorch, in wool-and-nylon; at Tailored Woman.
Right: Daily dress that pays for itself in no time at all—its price tag reads $30. Red wool crêpe (nice climate, this time of the year), cut with a straight-across neckline, deep concealed pleats at the hem for easy walking. Wear it with or without a belt, with black or with brown—here with a high-crowned black fur felt, one of the new hattier hats. Dress, by Justin McCarty, and hat, by Amy: both at Altman's.
Left, below: Tailored wool and silk sheath that has the best of both worlds—the high-waisted look, *and* a natural waistline marked by a belt. (Doesn't cost the world, either.) Brown and black, together again in stripes. By Howard Norm. About $50. The dress, Sally V hat at Gunther Jaeckel. Dress, also at Joseph Magnin. Pretend Persian lamb bag at Saks 34th.
Right: The new depths of blue, with black, for a tweed suit that wears its price tag quietly (happens to be $50). The jacket, fitted and belted; skirt, narrow and a little longer looking (the jacket's shorter, that's why). Suit, by Nardis of Dallas: Best's. Grey felt cloche, from Walter Florell.





Black:

the small economy size

Ready for the junior-size figure of whatever age (age is no criterion; it's a question of figure): the news of black as a dazzler in itself, in fashion this season as never before. *Left, top:* The new positive black, and further news—a dress that's equipped with its own fur jacket. The dress, short-sleeved thin worsted, quite figure-fitted (so be sure it's fitting a good figure). The jacket, tailored of black Hollander-dyed broadtail-processed lamb. By Junior Accent. The dress and jacket together, about $110. The black velvet dinner hat, by Sally V. Both, at Bendel's Young-Timers. The costume, also at Sakowitz. *Left, below:* Black broadcloth suit—one of the livening new looks in black. Fitted jacket, belted at the waist, skirt belled to a new fullness. Suit, in Ellis wool, $90: Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Montaldo's. *Right, top:* Dress and jacket, fresh variation—short, black wool knitted bolero, lined in white satin; bare-armed black sheath in Sag-No-Mor worsted jersey. For day, late-day-into-theatre evenings. Shown in day dress here with a black furry hat, calfskin bag. Costume, $70. All at Saks Fifth Avenue. Costume, also at The Higbee Co. *Right, below:* The bloused look—news by cable, knitted into a black wool sweater-dress, bloused softly over a belted waist. Easy, relaxed city elegance. Blackness set off by a white furry pillbox, by Sally V. Dress, $40; by Mr. Mort. Dress and hat at Bendel's Young-Timers. Dress, also at Harzfeld's.



Grey:

served in junior portions

Seems ages since we've seen enough grey to talk about. It's coming back into its own again this season, here and in Paris—so refreshed that it looks almost like a brand-new colour. *Near right:* In pewter-grey wool flannel, dress-and-jacket dressing. Bare-armed sheath with a short, straight jacket lined in yellow calico-printed cotton. They'll stay together all day; but with glitter added, the dress can go off by itself late day, casual evenings. By Jonathan Logan, in a Stevens fabric; jacket, $13; dress, $18. Wool jersey cap by Suzy. All: Lord & Taylor. Costume, also: Hudson's. *Far right:* A mid-grey wool flannel sheath that takes to a sweater during the day, can go on to cocktails on its own. $13. By Modern Juniors. Rosy wool, rabbit's-hair, and nylon pullover by Garland, $11. Breton by Dachette. Ingber wool bag. All at Best's. Separates, at Woodward & Lothrop. *Directly right:* Dress-and-jacket look with this difference—the dress puts its own arms (ribbed wool) through the sleeveless cardigan jacket. The rest of the slim sheath dress, in charcoal grey wool flannel. Costume, $45. At Milgrim; Sakowitz. Red, three-tiered cloche by Betmar: Bloomingdale's. *Far right:* Dress and jacket in pearl-grey tweed—the jacket buttoned crisply over a sleeveless dress. This, a new high-waisted look that fits the waistline, nonetheless. $75, by Anne Fogarty. The brushed red cloche by Dachette. All: Lord & Taylor. Costume, also at Frost Bros.



GOSSIPY MEMO: NEW ENGLAND'S ROUTE 7

Route 7 strikes north from Norwalk, wriggling up the western edge of Connecticut, through Massachusetts and Vermont. When the trees flame under a blue blaze of autumn sky and wood fires crackle in the inns each night—that is the time to take this drive. It can be done in one swift, ill-advised day but the best plan is to loiter, taking time to absorb the New England of white churches, claret-coloured barns, minute Greek Revival houses; of trout streams and pastures crossed with stone walls. New Englanders, who respect the solitude of others, live harmoniously along Route 7 among the many artists, writers, and statesmen who have been drawn to this part of the world.

Good places to stay: In Connecticut, near Ridgefield, there is Fox Hill, a sedately pillared house on a green rise. In Williamstown, Massachusetts, the Williams Inn, set tidily beside a mountain-rimmed college campus, has, besides comfort, its own bird sanctuary. In Manchester, Vermont, spread along one of the handsomest main streets in New England, is the Equinox House, big, established, with its own golf course and a private trout stream. At Chittenden (reached by turning right on Route 4 at Rutland) one can "discover"—at the end of a dusty climbing road—the Mountain Top Inn, one of the best country hotels in the East; there you'll find swimming, a pitch and putt golf course, tennis. The hotel is neither large nor grand, except for the view of mountains and lake, which is undeniably superb. Across the road are a few cottages owned by the Inn, some with fireplaces. The season runs until Columbus Day.

Shops: For antiques, Florene Maine's in Ridgefield, Connecticut; there, in a neat weather-stained house are rare Early American copies of good English furniture; not a milking stool or a cobbler's bench in the place. For gifts in the grand and varied manner, Jenifer House, in Great Barrington, Massachusetts, a series of large red barns turned into an indoor market place. For men's clothes, the House of Walsh in Williamstown, Massachusetts, which has the dashing jackets (plaid and stripes), the ties, the sport shirts, the espadrilles *one expects to find these days in Rome. For books:* real *bookstores all up the line.*

Historical standouts on a road rampant with distinguished ghosts: The modest Mission House in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, built in 1739, and perfectly preserved in every detail, even to its of-the-period garden, is filled with earliest Early American furniture. The Shelburne Museum, up in Vermont, is a collection of old buildings brought from all over New England by Mr. and Mrs. J. Watson Webb, and placed along Route 7. There are a merry-go-round, a small brick church (its wheezy hand organ breathes out each Sunday), a blacksmith shop in working order (tended by the Webbs' former blacksmith). Perhaps the monstrous horseshoe-shaped barn best conveys the American past, with its collection of carriages, covered wagons (so flimsy, so un-Hollywood), fire engines, delicate sleighs and top-heavy four-in-hands, and from Paris—one curved coach, a discreet crest painted on its door.

Good Places to Eat: In lower Connecticut are the generous Red Barn (off the Merritt Parkway, close to Exit 41), and in Ridgefield, Stonehenge, a cheerful white house where the kitchen is glass-walled like an aquarium. There is a place with excellent hamburgers just before the main light at Wilton; slightly north of Danbury is the White Turkey Inn. In Kent there are delicious sandwiches at Winchester's drugstore. In Massachusetts, one of the best places to eat is The 1896 House at Williamstown. Just west of Bennington, in Vermont, is Four Chimneys, all four painted a startling raspberry. Then, at Shelburne, the Shelburne Harbour Inn, a country restaurant in an Edwardian house on glimmery Lake Champlain; the owners, two former department store executives who wearied of city life, serve good French food in high European style.

Crafts: The Brookfield Craft Center, in an old Connecticut gristmill on the Still River, has mercifully escaped the curse of the artsy-craftsy. Here are continuous exhibitions of worldly wares—weaving, silk-screen prints, silver work, and ceramics. For example, pictures in wool by Mariska Karasz, vivid abstractions stitched instead of painted; and ravishing weaves for curtains, upholstery, and rugs. The Center gives courses in several of these crafts and in one extra—cooking. *(Continued on page 173)*

American decorator's plan for a French château *opposite*

Informed audacity led George Stacey, a distinguished American decorator, to take a twelve-year lease on the Château de Neuville, near Paris, then to restore its earlier elegance by a contemporary use of colours and materials. The Château, built at the time of Louis XIII, has an indestructible beauty deep in the skeletal brick and stone. It has been bruised by wars, occupation, and lesser transient hazards; now the original beauty has been brought out, but not by academic duplication. Throughout the rooms, beautiful French period furniture and Mr. Stacey's sunny, impeccable taste combine spectacularly well. In the drawing room, *opposite*, Mr. Stacey uses—together—flowered linen and damask, Provincial chairs, and an 18th century armoire. The floor shines with blue and white polished marble squares; some curtains are golden; some are puce. Over the mantel hangs a portrait of Louis XV. In this magnificently light room, where the colours are clear and varied, there are unexpected reds as well as the sharpness of turquoise in the bottles standing on the green damask-covered table.

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LATE-AMERICAN FURNITURE: The new period-pieces modern but not experimental— our proven successes at the best point yet

Eight-room start, coming up here, to illustrate this: the reaching of a very happy point (and a very high point) in the American furniture that can furnish elegance to American houses now. This school of design, its long fidelity now recognized, is right for us as we live today, not as we once lived—you won't find the grey shadow of the pilgrim lurking in any of the photographs here. Actually, all the designing was done over the past thirty-five years, often under the influence of great European schools that went before it, sometimes strikingly inventive as of the date it was made. But all of it has *endured*, probably because it's always "worked," as well as looked beautiful in the American scene; has always been given the benefit of lovely woods and the best craftsmanship. And Late-American furniture does have something of an edge on some of the antique pieces, in this sense: it's readily available (as it has been from its very beginnings). You needn't rob a castle to get the particular chair you've set your heart on, or spend a small fortune on reconditioning—and then find yourself crying "Watch out—don't sit on *that!*"

The eight Vogue rooms ahead, to spotlight the news of Late-American furniture: especially designed for us by New York decorators of exceptional knowledgeability and originality. And, like all wise rooms, these mix their furniture beautifully; the Late American has been blended in, but not doted on (these are good livable rooms, not "educational" rooms). Mostly they'll adapt to apartments as well as houses, city or country, and any geographical setting (air conditioning equalizes the climate around the world, anyway). And though our camera didn't use colour film, notice the notes on the colours and fabrics—often employed in never-before ways, and some, strictly 1956 innovations. Finally, Vogue's rooms have been designed to look as if a woman had a hand in them—a woman well up on her fashions in living, and who also knows how to make her husband comfortable. Even if you can't see them here, ash trays are sure to be a good big size, every last little detail calculated so a man won't have to tiptoe around it.

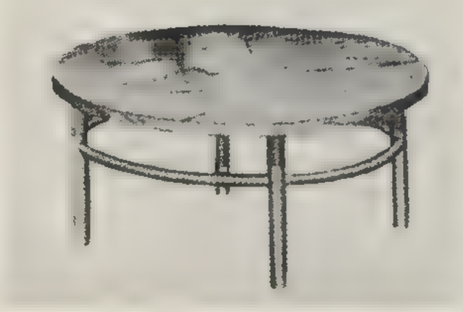
The Late-American furniture in all eight rooms: made by members of the Grand Rapids Guild, and available at shops mentioned on each page. Details of the décor are on page 174.

Ahead: 8 Vogue rooms with the beauty of Late-American furniture ➡





Circa 1946 success,
growing even more so:
chair with ottoman—new
living-room chaise longue



Coffee-table classic
of the Fifties,
early and right now:
pale walnut, beige marble

New library plan: Late-American basis

Could be a plan for a living room, too (a man's, most likely), and look just as beautiful and correct as it does, above. But actually this room is part of a biggish town house, ready-equipped with a drawing room, so it's now in use as a Sanctuary (not in the Faulkner sense, despite the evident literary influence here!). Best asset: the way the mellowed Georgian overtones ring so true in a scheme that has, right at its heart, two American designs just ten years old—chair-plus-optional-ottoman, a collector's item from the first collection of Robsjohn-Gibbings, circa 1946; and his roomy, lovely coffee table, dated later still. Pale walnut wood and pale beige marble add a light, surprising air which turns out to be a subtle, good way of leavening a room that *could* look over-serious in the wrong hands. Also giving light notes of today: grasspaper walls and a Siamese silk chaise; pale turquoise ceiling and antique Venetian-blinds (with traditional curtains of white embroidered batiste). *Décor* by Virginia Conner Dick. Late-American furniture by Widdicomb: Altman's. Details: page 174.



Late-American dining room—the new foyer age

Fashion that's born of necessity (small-scaled apartments of today)—the foyer dining room, emerging as a genuine triumph here. This one rightly insists on looking like a foyer if need be; does its job as a passage without going to pieces; and yet acts as a quite-formal dining room on tap. Much thinking went into it, of course—thinking as follows. The "marble" flooring, for instance, has a practical elegance: it's of hardy vinyl tiles kept scrubbed and waxed, and not just for gleam, for that lovely first-perfumed-impression of the well-kept house. Table and armchair are Late-American designs—the console unfolds to seat four, moves forward on wheels to handle most of the service. Because the main scheme is black and white—firm stress on formality—some soft notes are supplied. There are warm pinks, reds, in the mixture of real and unreal geraniums in the treen urn; and in the striped silk on the pull-up antique chairs. Even some of the whiteness is very gentle: off-white paint on the walls; cosiest window-curtains imaginable in a room of such beautiful restraint—hand-loomed linen. The column, an antique engraving by Piranesi, is a stroke of genius, adding architecture plus beauty. And to light dinner parties softly—the tole-and-brass candelabrum, Louis XVI. *Décor* by Michael Greer for Sligh. Sligh chair, table: Bloomingdale's. Details, page 174.

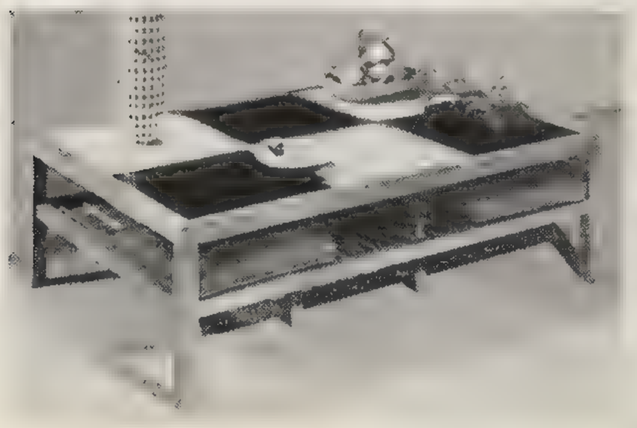


KERTÈSZ

Eating in elegance, American style: unfolding console, circa 1954; pull-up chairs, new and old. (To expand seating plans, have an apartmentful of portables.)







Marble-top table, Americana circa 1953 now of fruitwood, Carrara glass

Cork in American décor since 1932: topping cherry wood here

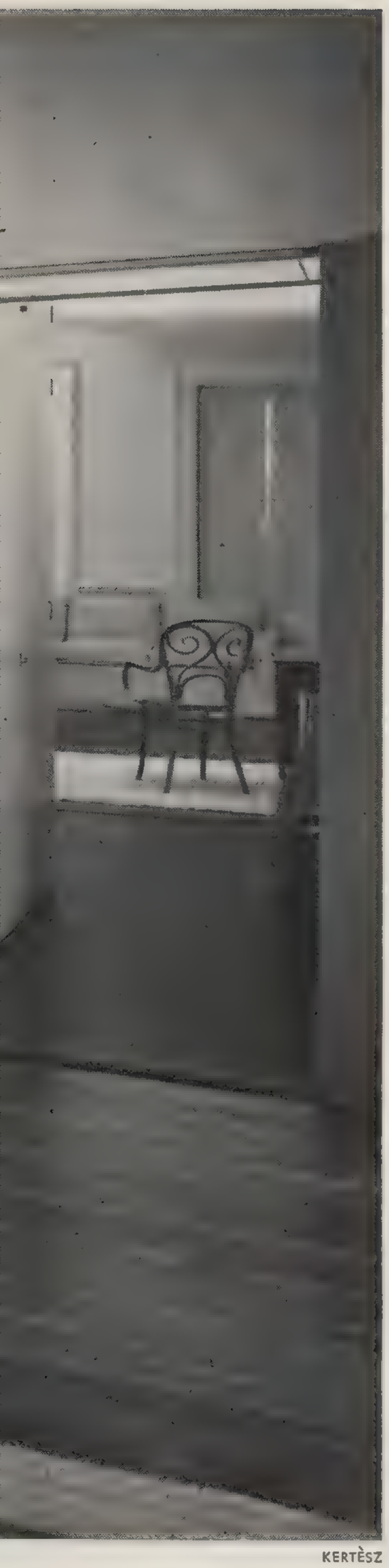


Ageless chair—circa 1947, actually



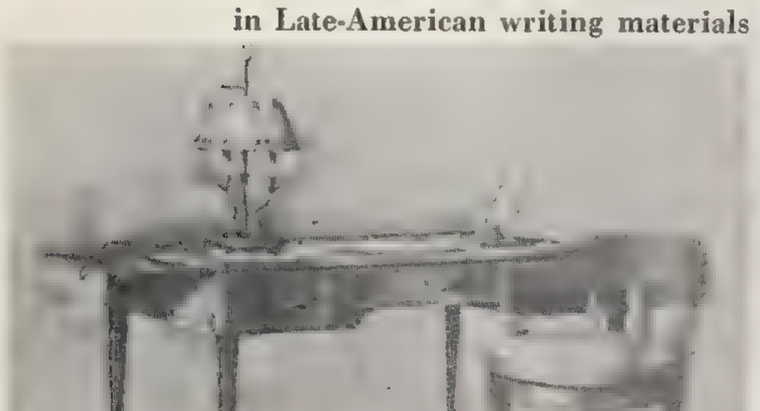
The family's room, now Late-American

Perfect place for latter-day Americana in décor: the room where the family foregathers daily, and where memories (including the stage-sets for them) ought to be treasured up. What's new and good in design has been made much of in the room shown above, but so has the best of the past. Extraneous mouldings have been stripped away (the house was very old even to begin with), the doorway widened, the cluttered mantel removed, and bookcases rebuilt into simple shelves that can keep the family library—records, as well—in efficient order. But though the table in the background is the kind that modernists call a "work area," it's actually a new cherry variation of the cork-top idea that was one of the revolutions of the World's Fair of 1932. Late-American chair: circa 1947, now in cherry. Coffee table, successful since 1953, and quite understandably—its Carrara glass sections can be replaced individually (economically!); the height is exactly right for sitting on, leaning on, eating on (cushions are filed in a rack underneath). *Décor:* C. Coggeshall. Late-Americana by Mueller: Bloomingdale's. Details, page 174.



KERTÈSZ

Circa-1950 Palladian: perfection in Late-American writing materials



Late-American corner—Italian angle

To be applied at any corner or anywhere in the room, the writing materials-for-décor, below. They're beauties of the sort that one can imagine travelling for a lifetime by diplomatic van, but even then, only for the house (or apartment) of the one who loves the Italian spirit the best, and in its pure form. The walnut desk and chair: Palladian design in the spirit of its 1950 American revival, which came as a healthy reaction to the rampaging French Provincial—always and still favoured, but too-exploited then. But that's a technicality. Main practicality here for woman or man, and either could be at home in this setting, is the vast amount of desk-room, the fine comfort of the chair with its leather seat-pad, built-in swivel. In fact, this look is for those who consider classic perfection an essential of the good life. Therefore: a parquet floor of walnut inlaid with brass; the Pillement painting, bevelled right into the white wall, unframed. Not visible: creamy jacquard draperies, hanging from a crenellated cornice. *Décor:* Allen McGehee. Late-American Palladian by Baker: Bloomingdale's. Details: page 174.



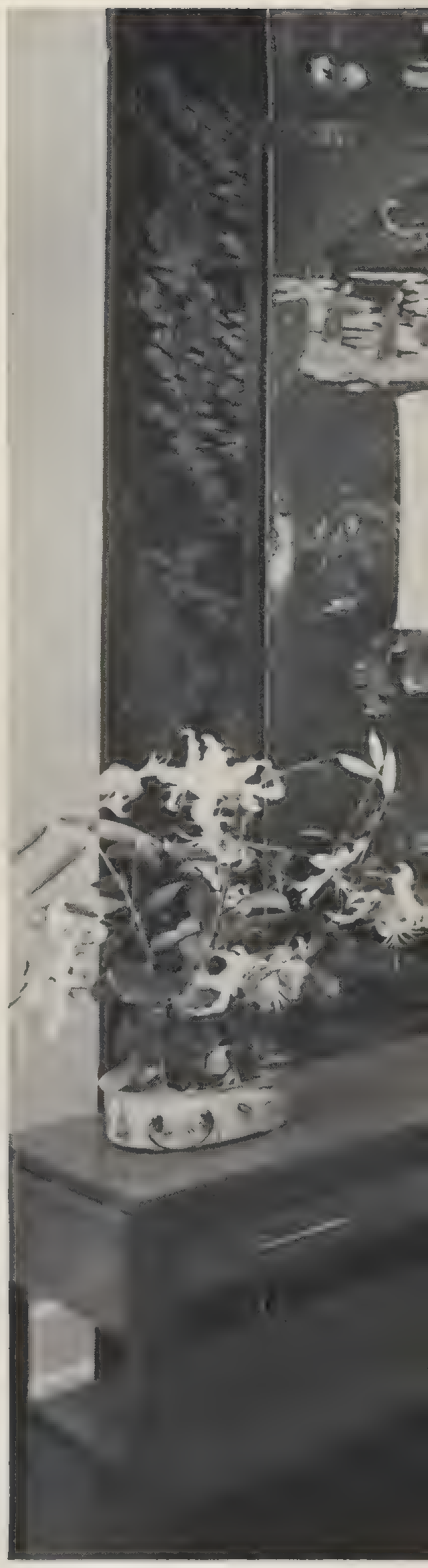
TV spectacular—Late-American design

In the space of the medium-size room, below: room enough for small, sociable dinner parties followed by TV—and for some further examples of the newer kind of American furniture (find a spinning wheel or cobbler's bench here, and we'll *give* you the RCA Victor television set). The dinner shown is for two, but six could easily be served. Meals wheel in on the cherrywood cart of recent vintage, with drop leaves and drawers for silver, linens. The Late-American chairs, in French Provincial mood, are circa 1926 designs scaled to today—small but not crowding. Stack-type tables, of course. The colour scheme should be mightily fascinating, though. Here, glossy green and black cotton stripes on the walls; sky-blue vinyl tiles on the floor; pearwood day bed, pickled pine bookcases; white faïence and gilt; embroidered felt cushions. It's a man's apartment—or a study for a family town-house. *Décor* by Daren Pierce of William Pahlmann. Late-Americana by John Widdicomb: W & J Sloane. Details: p. 174.



Circa-1926 idea that's the latest American TV seat: French slipper chair, above





Sofa table, 1956 American design—for the sofa, opposite



Wheeling in meals: drop-leaf table of the latest American vintage of design

KERTÈSZ

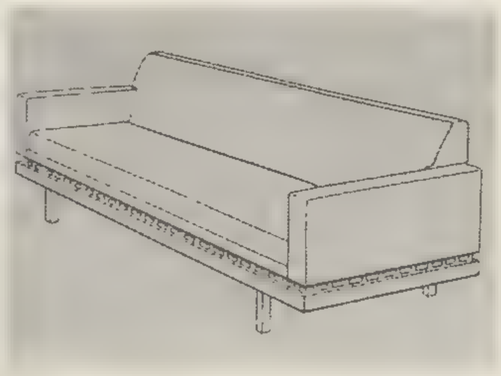


Chinoiserie circa 1956: naturalized American chest

Late-American design, in top drawing-room form

Brings Mrs. Exeter to mind, this room—she loves fine lines and delicate colours so much, provided they're equipped with the comfort and practicality she refuses to deny her (many) guests. But a woman thirty years younger could live happily in this room—its Late-American designs make easy work of accumulating what looks like a lifetime of possessions. The beautiful walnut sofa here, and the sofa table and chest of walnut and cherry inlaid with brass, are American designs dated today, 1956; the Coromandel screen, putting the final Oriental touch to the elegance prevalent throughout, is the real thing, though, and centuries-old. About those colours: prune-blossom purple, in the wall-wide ripple of screen; crushed-raspberry silk on the sofa; rubrum lilies everywhere in white porcelain bowls; white on white damask draperies; antique Venetian glass mirrors reflecting a catholic collection of paintings (off-camera). *Décor* by Melanie Kahane. Late-American sofa by Morse, at Mayhew. Chest and sofa-table, by Imperial: Bloomingdale's. For details see page 174.

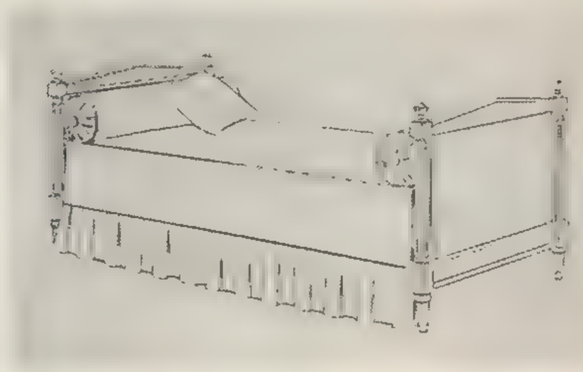
Late-American sofa, oriented to 1956 life







Americana chest, circa 1951



1951 Italian Provincial: wheeling bed



Caning, embroidery: chair news

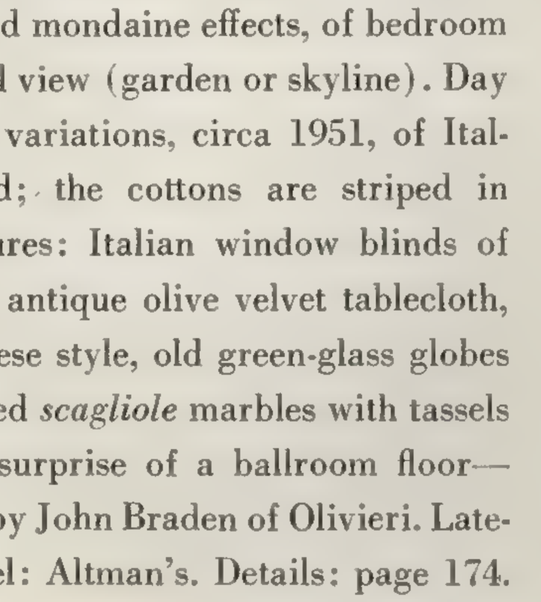
Natural elegance—Late-American

One of those little rooms that might have happened by itself: charming blend of country and mondaine effects, of bedroom and sitting room and beautiful view (garden or skyline). Day bed and chest are American variations, circa 1951, of Italian Provincial, in fruitwood; the cottons are striped in blue and ivory. Older treasures: Italian window blinds of faded blue cotton and braid, antique olive velvet tablecloth, caned chair in the true Genoese style, old green-glass globes over fat Italian candles, framed *scagliole* marbles with tassels hiding the toggle bolts, the surprise of a ballroom floor—walnut parquet, brass. *Décor* by John Braden of Olivieri. Late-American furniture by Kindel: Altman's. Details: page 174.

Coming Americana—facing East

Corner for luncheons, dinners, or cards, with furniture by American craftsmen who saw "modern" in the cards back in 1928. Now, wood inlays, new canings—1956 Oriental effects from the Johnson "Forward Trend" collection. New joinery in draperies, of orange and white silk. Hanging screen: a Japanese masterpiece. *Décor:* by John Wisner. Walnut table, chair by Johnson, at Flint & Horner, Manhasset. Details: p. 174.

1956 fliptop: inlaid table





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NEW DIET

(Continued from page 103)

by vitamins and minerals in pill-form, *always* undertaken with a doctor's supervision. (Tranquilizing pills and similar medical crutches are used when the discomfort of the beginning dieter is too extreme to be borne: and then they're used only as crutches—expendable as soon as the early adjustments are made.)

The three-meals-a-day plan is also essential for this type of chronic overweight, in Dr. Lolli's opinion. The whole plan, he says, is an attempt to impose an adult order on the woman's life by ordering her eating in an adult way. Philosophers, and Dr. Lolli, agree that when one facet of a life shows great disorder, it's often a life full of disorder: "I do as I please . . . I eat as I please. . . ."

Results are seen soon or slowly; here it *is* true that every case differs. An encouraging factor—the fact that, since women seem more prone to edema (water-retention) than men, they often shed pounds fast at the start. Fine for morale, but remember there'll be later, slower stages.

Good reminder: a diary to record what you eat and, if you wish, any other events that you think it worthwhile to write down. Literary considerations aside, you may find the results intriguing. There, in your own handwriting, is a record of the little nibbles that add up to the reason why this week, perhaps, you showed no weight-loss at all on the scales. (The memory is least reliable when it comes to the basic instincts, such as eating—so you're not necessarily cheating.) There, in your diary, after a few weeks, you'll find your eating pattern graphically pictured—also many clues to chains-of-circumstances that cause cravings for food.

Most chronically overweight women, says Dr. Lolli, object to being given a diet that includes breakfast (this meal, by the way, is often absent from their lives). For this reason, Dr. Lolli allows a shift from a bare-minimum breakfast to a breakfast-type lunch, a luncheon-type dinner, a small meal late at night.

And what about that late-night eating of which we hear so much? No mystery—Dr. Lolli thinks it's traceable to an age-old feeling of loneliness that's felt in the late night-hours. Some people simply console their feelings by raiding the refrigerator too often. Don't overlook the fact that the refrigerator's so handy, either. A hundred years ago, the midnight raid was far less convenient.

Loneliness, of course, is an integral part of the human condition—but when it's present to such a degree that you overeat, it's a tension that needs alleviating. Your diary, diet, doctor, may help you to draw a clearer line between tensions that are realistic, even healthful, and those which are not. Unreasonable anxieties can usually be alleviated by the knowledge that they *are* unreasonable, conscious efforts to minimize them. But if your life honestly doesn't offer you the opportunities, and provides you with too much solitude—psychotherapy might well be considered. Less of a "lonely" relationship than that of analyst-patient, it's often the better method for the woman dedicated to living-to-eat. But: first, make this an *honest* appraisal. Tension may be plain hesitation—a fear of failing in any effort with friends, family, work. And to withdraw successfully from food, you'll find that there's more out-going required in other aspects of your life. More women are capable of those first few hesitating steps, with just one friend to help, than anyone reading a Freudian tome might think.

This, of course, is the crux of Dr. Lolli's philosophy—and you may find it between the lines of many great books on philosophy: constant overeating is only solved when one's life is made so meaningful that the pleasures of food seem very small in comparison. Just don't get cult-ish about this fact, once you've reached your right weight and can maintain it at last. Though you may not be able to handle the joys of eating, and have decided to forego them, and actually are *glad* of the fact, now—others still are free to like their food, and to like themselves as they are. Your only problem, faced by a page in Escoffier, will be: "Shall I serve this dish, or perhaps they'd prefer the cheese soufflé? . . ."

Then, finally, there's this to consider: unless your overweight is a medical risk, *and* if you feel yourself truly happy and well-loved, make up your mind right now to spare yourself the trouble of your token diets—they're only meaningless gestures, and unnecessary discomforts, and a waste of your energies and time. Briefly: fish—or cut bait.

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BLUE CHIPS by RENFIELD

GOSSIPY MEMO ON TRAVEL

(Continued from page 156)

Villages where one promptly wants to buy a house, do it over, settle in for keeps: West Cornwall, Connecticut, is one, reached by dipping off Route 7 and crossing a covered bridge over the rapids of the Housatonic. On the other side, straight up a steep hill, small, loved white houses cling to the rocks; a waterfall slips down beside them. The shops here have little bay windows; one is an art gallery; one, a studio for making rugs. At a tidy little inn, signs announce "Lodging" and, because of the neighbouring Angus cattle farms, "Angusburgers." In Vermont, above Brandon, a sign points right to Lake Dunmore, and just there is a minute settlement named Salisbury, a few houses, two pleasing churches, and a brook, firing the imagination to go at it with brush and paint. Already well-known are Old Bennington, Vermont, high on a cliff, with two rows of manicured old houses that have odd fanlights over the doors; and Dorset, just west of Manchester, with a chunky white pillared inn, a village green, and a summer theatre. Stockbridge is a Massachusetts town with a grander, wider sweep, a stately town hall, and Sedgwicks buried in a circle, toes to toes. Close by, Norman Rockwell has chosen to place his studio window directly on the main street to catch the flavour of all New England's main streets.

Sports: There is good golf in Manchester, Vermont, at the Equinox Links Club and at the Ekwanok Club, which ranks seventeenth in the United States as a championship course. There is good skiing in Vermont on Pico Peak near Rutland, at Big Bromley near Manchester, and at Mt. Mansfield near Burlington. Exciting horseback trails wind through the Green Mountain National Forest, and the Fall Foliage Ride starts at Woodstock near Rutland on October 12. Duck and deer hunting around Alburg, Vermont; sailing on Lake Champlain from the busy marinas at Shelburne and Burlington; at Malletts Bay, a sailing school for children.

The arts: Unexpected Boudins, Manets, Lautrecs, and some lively bronze horses by Degas mingle with the more looked-for canvases of Winslow Homer, George Inness, and Mary Cassatt in the new Clark Institute at Williamstown, Massachusetts. An incongruous pseudo-Greek temple, the Institute has snowy, pristine galleries, peaceful and air-conditioned. The Southern Vermont Art Center in Manchester shows the work of local artists and photographers; gives concerts. In Stockbridge, Massachusetts, at the studio of the American sculptor, Daniel Chester French, one can see a huge plaster cast of his famous Lincoln (the Lincoln of the Lincoln Memorial) and a small bronze of his equestrian Washington for the Place d'Iéna in Paris. Music is almost silent on Route 7 by autumn, except for touring soloists and local groups. But in terms of next summer's thinking, musical strongholds are the Berkshire Festival at Lenox, which collects distinguished swarms of conductors, soloists, and composers, as well as the Boston Symphony; Sunday afternoon chamber music at Music Mountain in Falls Village, Connecticut; and, on South Mountain, near Pittsfield, the concerts started by Mrs. Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge. Theatre, too, is a summer bloomer, except for the college shows—especially good at Williams—all winter through.

Country Fairs: Horse racing, farm produce, honky-tonk, and livestock gather in the crowds during one bucolic week at the country fairs in Great Barrington, Massachusetts (September 9 to 16) and in Danbury, Connecticut (starts October 7).

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Continued from page 24

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LATE-AMERICANA DÉCOR: THE DETAILS

(Continued from pages 160-166)

In the library, page 160:

Grass cloth walls, covered with a new wallpaper that mingles mocha and smoky-brown tones. $10 per 12-foot roll; by Murals Incorporated.

Wallpaper, Venetian blinds, and batiste curtains: all available via decorator Virginia Conner Dick. She can also arrange for rare book bindings like those shown.

(The Widdicomb table-top, incidentally, is in Laredo Chiaro marble.)

Dining-room foyer, page 161:

"Marble" flooring, composed of Amtico vinyl tiles, available through your decorator.

The treen urn, found at Accessories and Design, Incorporated (mass it with sweet william instead of geraniums, at times).

The candelabrum, in brass and tole, is from Joseph Lombardo. The Louis XVI goldleaf mirror, and the gold and black Directoire egg-warmer: Alice Glick.

Side chairs, fruitwood antiques, all from Lavezzo, Inc.

Heavy Belgian linen for the window-curtains, about $8 the yard. From S. M. Hexter.

Piranesi engraved panel—from Michael Greer who designed this whole room for Vogue.

In the family's room, page 162:

RCA Victor hi-fi phonograph: the new portable model, Mark VIII, with two speakers. (Mahogany, oak, maple finishes, available.) From Bloomingdale's.

In the writing corner, page 163:

Parquet floor in walnut with brass inlays, from William J. Erbe. To order from your decorator.

Oil painting by Pillement, and mahogany compote used for unreal flowers—both, from Accessories and Design, Incorporated.

Draperies suggested: to be made of the new creamy jacquard spun-rayon by Boris Kroll.

In the TV room, page 164:

Starting with the TV set itself: it's the RCA Victor "Sportster" model with a handle that makes it easily portable. From Liberty Music Shops.

Sterling silver service, in Reed & Barton's new "Autumn Leaves" pattern at Georg Jensen (October).

White table-linens and "Brummel" crystal: Baccarat & Porthault. Schoenwald china from Bonniers.

Cotton used as wallpapering: black stripes on green Everfast cotton made crease-resistant by Everglaze. About $2.50 the yard. Lord & Taylor.

Sky-blue "marble" floor, those Amtico vinyl tiles again (your decorator will know all the facts).

Pearwood day bed, an authentic Charles X treasure, from William Pahlmann Associates.

The pickled pine bookcases (18th century English): Ashley-Kent Ltd.

Regency mirror and white faïence stand, from David Weiss.

Rug in a Regency design, from Edward Fields—"Brocade" pattern.

In the drawing room, page 165:

The Late-American *chinoiserie* here: all of solid walnut, sometimes inlaid with cherrywood and brass. Designs are by Arthur Conrad, the sofa a Ralph Morse construction, the chest and sofa-table built by Imperial.

Rug, with Moroccan motifs in brown and deep buff on pale beige, by Ernest Treganowan.

Candlestick lamps, with white taffeta shades, and bases of hand-carved wood—by Abels Wasserberg.

The rare Coromandel screen, everything else, from the room's decorator: Melanie Kahane.

In the bed-sitting room, page 166:

Each and everything listed here is at Olivieri. The striped cottons, by Schumacher. Italian window blinds, available only in reproductions (excepting the lovely old braid). The velvet tablecloth, also edged with braid. Walnut chair, a Genoese design—contemporaneous with Louis XVI. Marble *scagliole* pictures in gilt frames.

The Old English hurricane globes, from Nesle.

The parquet floor (walnut inlaid with brass): available as per information in the writing corner—see opposite.

In the Oriental corner, page 166:

Wallpaper: orange and white "Bamboo" by Woodson. It is about $8.25 the roll, at your decorator.

Black teakwood chest, reproduced from the Chinese, handmade partially in Hong Kong and finished here. A Dynasty design by Transorient.

Embroidered linen upholstery fabric, in black on white, by Kent-Bragaline.

Everything else mentioned is from the decorator, John Wisner. Also his: black lacquer stacking box, Japanese porcelain plates, lily bowls, antique Lowestoft basket, natural-straw place mats, and porcelain fruit knives and forks in a blue and white pattern.

THE PLATES

By Victor Barnouw

With its scabby paint-flaked walls and general air of collapse, the building looked rather like an abandoned Southern plantation. "Are you sure this is the right address?" I asked.

The taximan, who had a lump of betel nut lodged in his cheek, rattled out something in Hindustani, which I couldn't follow. But then I could see someone coming down the walk toward us; perhaps it was Professor Modak. This man wore a white shirt and a white dhoti, which flopped about his heels, showing up his thin brown shanks at intervals. The starchy whiteness of his clothing, together with the glitter of his spectacles and smiling teeth, made me wince. The sunlight was dazzling. "Are you Professor Modak?"

"Yes, yes! How kind of you to come!"

Out of Western habit, I gave the taxi driver an extra rupee, and he drove off. Then my host and I made our way together along the walk.

"This was a palace a hundred years ago," explained the professor, gesturing toward a weedy courtyard where some laundry was spread out to bake in the sun. "As you see, I can't keep the place up in its former condition. University professors in India do not receive princely salaries, I'm afraid." We trotted up a flight of steps, scaring a lizard into the dry grass. "At one time great *pujas*, religious ceremonies, were held in this courtyard. There were crowds of Brahmans, scores of dancing girls, musicians, entertainers. Can you picture it, my dear sir?"

I tried, but the Technicolor glamour of the past wasn't easy to summon up; the palace's present state of decay was too obtrusive. However, I murmured something vague and appreciative. We went on down a long corridor which was liberally splattered with bird dung.

It was good to get out of the glare. The room we were in was large and empty-looking. Since I was brought up in a middle-class American household stuffed with upholstery, I found this place too bleak for my taste: no rugs or carpets on the stone floor, just a few chairs. Some pictures hung on the walls, not at eye level, but up near the ceiling. Three of these were oleos of multi-armed goddesses. Have you ever noticed that the commercial religious art of most religions has the same sickly quality the world over? These goddesses reminded me at once of the Sunday school pictures of my childhood, with their eerie red X-ray hearts.

Professor Modak followed my eye: "The one on the right, standing on the lotus, is Lakshmi, the goddess of wealth. Beside her is Saraswati, the goddess of learning. We Brahmans believe that every household should be blessed with wealth and wisdom."

"And the third goddess?"

"That is Kali, the goddess of destruction."

Kali looked quite dreadful, with her savage black face, her four waving arms, necklace of skulls, and long red tongue hanging down. She seemed to be dancing on a man's corpse.

"Should every household, then, be destroyed?"

The professor chuckled. "No, that is not exactly the idea. But we do recognize the grim side of existence, which I think you try to ignore in the West."

"Do we ignore it? Perhaps we try to overcome it." I was thinking of my own medical work.

"Perhaps." Professor Modak seemed to follow the drift of my thought, for he added, "I'd like to hear about your medical research. Narayan wrote me about it, but I'm only a Sanskrit scholar and understand very little of medicine. I *would* like to know more."

I was glad enough of the chance to sit down and talk about our project. My Brahman friend, Narayan, and I were getting blood samples from famine victims in Bombay State, and we were determining the serum protein levels and serum cholesterol levels. It was too complicated to make clear to Professor Modak, but he seemed interested. Of course, I had described my project to various people in India, and by this time I'd learned how to talk about it with a kind of British understatement, while suggesting, at the same time, that it was all terribly important. Professor Modak seemed impressed. "Splendid, splendid!" he murmured. Then our talk drifted to other matters.

Professor Modak proved to

(Continued on page 176)

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to change her mind...

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Lilly Daché SAYS: *"It's a woman's privilege to highlight her personality with a new hat and a new hair color!"*



THE PLATES

(Continued from page 175)

be quite an agreeable companion. He spoke good English—very English English, as one might have expected—and bookish English at that. He was fond of saying "My dear sir," and when telling an anecdote used the phrase, "Quick as a flash came the rejoinder"—all pronounced in the richly resonant voice characteristic of some educated Hindus. I liked him. But as we talked, it struck me that Professor Modak's house was an awfully quiet place.

Staying at Narayan's home, I'd got accustomed to the multitudinous comings and goings of a Hindu household—servants, children, cousins, and friends dropping in—Narayan's brothers and sisters-in-law, his parents, grandparents, and all the rest, moving upstairs and downstairs, back and forth. But this old palace was very still. To be sure, there were sparrows here, as there were in Narayan's home, darting in and out through the open windows. They were harmless enough and would swoop noisily over my shoulder, out of a window, leaving me undamaged. Here I could hear another sound as well—the faint slapping of bare feet moving about on the tiles, and through the open door I caught a glimpse of a female servant carrying some brass bowls. Otherwise there seemed to be no one around.

"Do you have a large family, Professor Modak?"

"Er-no, not large for India. My son is away at present. My parents have separate quarters down the hall; they are old and not very active, you will not meet them. I don't think you'll meet my wife either. She is very shy."

"Oh, do you observe purdah?"

"Purdah? Oh my, no. It's just that she is so shy. Hindu women are not like American women, you know."

I glanced up at the oleo on the wall. "Kali doesn't look shy."

Professor Modak laughed. "Well, Kali is a goddess, not an ordinary woman."

"Who is she trampling on?"

"Her husband Shiva, I believe."

I studied the picture for a moment. Then I said, "It's surprising, somehow. Hindu women are supposed to be the slaves of their husbands. At least, that's what you often hear. But the goddess seems to have the upper hand over Shiva."

"Yes." The professor chuckled. "Perhaps Indian women are their husbands' slaves to some extent. But the man, in turn, is equally the slave of his family, and the destinies of the family are so often controlled by the women. I hope," he added "your acquaintance with Hinduism has not been limited to pictures such as these."

"No," I said. "While staying at Narayan's, I spent some time reading Shankaracharya."

"Ah, Shankara!" The professor's eyes lit up, and I knew I'd said the right thing. "Splendid, splendid! And how extraordinary! In India, you know, we have a tendency to think of Americans as all being engineers or businessmen. How good to find an American who has studied the teachings of a ninth-century Hindu sage! And what was your reaction?"

"I found him pretty complicated."

"Oh no, my dear sir! No! Shankara's concepts are essentially simple. *Tat twam asi!*—thou art that! That is the basis of his doctrine. Let me just read you my favourite passage." And he leaped up to look for his book.

Left alone, for a moment, in the bare room with the sunlight and the sparrows, I had a remarkable feeling of peace. I think that this golden sense of serenity was somehow related to the old palace itself and its tropical acceptance of nature and of time. All the windows of the house were open to whatever the world could bring. I wondered: shouldn't people be more like that?

The professor soon returned with his book and began to read aloud with enthusiasm from Shankara's *Atmabodha.* His resonant voice seemed to give added force to the words: " 'Like an image in a dream the world is troubled by love, hatred, and other poisons. So long as the dream lasts, the image appears real, as an oyster shell appears to be silver; but only so long as the Brahman remains unknown, he who is above all, and indivisible. That Being, true, intelligent, comprehends within itself every variety of being, penetrating and permeating all as a thread which strings together beads.' . . . Yes," concluded Professor Modak, looking up all aglow, "*Tat twam asi.* Thou art that! Thou art that!"

Then there was a rustle at the door, and I turned to see a dignified Hindu lady enter the

room. I got to my feet at once. Professor Modak said, "Ah, this is my wife. She has evidently undertaken to master her shyness." As we were introduced, the lady joined her palms in the graceful Hindu manner of greeting, bowing slightly. After an exchange of bows and smiles she turned to her husband and rippled out something in Hindustani or Marathi. She didn't look at all shy; in fact, it was the professor who now appeared nervous and ill at ease. The two seemed to be in disagreement over something or other. Professor Modak shrugged and then turned to me. "Will you have lunch with me now?" he asked.

"Yes, I'd be glad to."

"My wife says that she won't be able to join us. She is going to eat with my parents."

Mrs. Modak smiled gravely, joined palms again, and turned to go. Her graceful sari shimmered, her bangles glittered; then she was gone. Soon the servant came in—a rather scared girl. She evidently announced lunch, for the professor then said to me, "Come, we shall eat on the veranda."

A table and two chairs had been placed on the terrace—fortunately in the shade. At Narayan's home everyone sat cross-legged on wooden boards at mealtimes, eating from metal dishes on the floor. I'd learned to eat this way, but my legs hadn't got used to it yet; in fact, they'd been getting stiffer all the time. It was a relief, therefore, to see the table and chairs. Silverware and some rather coarse pottery plates were set out, and the servant placed some food on the table.

Now I began to have qualms; for living in India had made me increasingly hypochondriacal—suspicious of food and water and scared of amoebic dysentery. I glanced dubiously at the food. Was this stuff safe to eat? And what was that pinkish yoghurt? At Narayan's place I knew something about conditions in the kitchen and felt quite safe, but this tumble-down palace didn't look hygienic. And the view from the terrace wasn't at all reassuring: peeling walls, dejected trees, and a green-grey strip of brackish water which suggested malaria. The sanitary arrangements here must be terrible.

But the food, I soon discovered, was delicious. Not bad at all. I began to eat more and more recklessly. Perhaps I would die. Meanwhile this sauce was delicious. "Ah, what a good meal," I said at length.

"Have you had enough to eat? I'm afraid we eat much less than you do in the United States."

"I've had more than enough —really. It was fine."

Professor Modak looked pleased. He had a rather absent, dreamy expression on his face. I couldn't tell whether he was still absorbed in the wisdom of Shankaracharya, or whether it was the good meal that was responsible.

"It was nice to have lunch at a table," I went on, as the servant came out to collect the dishes. "I thought perhaps you ate sitting cross-legged."

"We do, as a general rule," he said. "Normally, we eat from brass utensils on the floor."

"You shouldn't have changed your arrangements just for my sake. I've eaten in the Indian manner before."

"No, no," said the professor. He drummed with his fingers on the table, as the girl collected the plates. Her bare feet padded softly across the stone flagging to the kitchen. Then I could hear Mrs. Modak giving instructions.

I was just about to turn the conversation back to Shankaracharya, when there was a loud cracking of crockery. I turned my head and saw the servant breaking the dinner plates across her knee. She tossed the broken shards abruptly into a corner.

Professor Modak followed my glance with some embarrassment. "Forgive our customs." He gave an apologetic shrug.

I was puzzled. "What customs?"

The professor hesitated. Then he said, "From our point of view, you know, you're an Untouchable. We are Brahmans. That's why we didn't eat off brass plates just now; the metal would have been polluted by your touch. The plates you have eaten from are pottery plates from the market which can easily be thrown away."

Another crash of crockery came from the kitchen.

I was stunned. This was the first time I'd been told I was an Untouchable. Yet of course I must be so regarded here; I didn't belong to any recognized Hindu caste. "But—I've stayed at Narayan's home a long time," I said. "They're Brahmans, too; I've eaten off their metal plates."

"Ah, you see, his family is less orthodox." Professor Modak smiled vaguely. I wondered what

(Continued on page 178)





THE PLATES

(Continued from page 177)

that smile could mean. Was it a smile of cynicism, of regret, or of sadistic satisfaction?

"But I don't understand, Professor Modak. I've walked all around your sitting room and sat on your chairs. Wouldn't that be considered pollution?"

"Precisely." The professor beamed, as if congratulating an apt pupil. "But after you have gone, the servant will wash the floor and chairs. And perhaps my wife will perform some rituals which will help to purify the place."

"I shook hands with you too, when we met. Don't you remember?"

"Yes, of course. I shall have to take a bath, and my clothes will be washed."

I laughed with embarrassment. "I must say I had no idea I'd put you to so much trouble."

"Don't worry about that, my dear sir! After all, the floor will benefit from a good scrubbing, and I must take a bath tonight in any case."

I still felt dazed. The sparrows went chirruping away up in the rafters, and I could hear the busy movements of the women in the kitchen. Perhaps I should just let the matter drop. The professor, after all, had been very hospitable —especially in view of the fact that he looked on me as an Untouchable. But I wanted to get this thing straight. "Don't you think, Professor Modak, that there's a contradiction between these caste observances and the teachings of Shankaracharya? I mean to say, if all men and all things are manifestations of God—"

"My dear sir," the professor interrupted, sitting erect, "no doubt Hinduism is full of contradictions. Life itself is full of contradictions." And he threw up his hands in a gesture that seemed to suggest: you figure it out; it's beyond me. This wasn't much of a solution to the problem. Perhaps for that reason Professor Modak's face suddenly took on a gloomy expression as he drummed on the table with his fingers.

I felt sorry; perhaps I'd pushed the matter too far. How many barriers there are to human understanding—I with my fear of germs, Professor Modak with his caste taboos—what a difficult world to move about in. Although we returned to the room and resumed our conversation, it didn't go very well, and at length I got up to take my leave.

Professor Modak got up too, looking a bit unhappy, and accompanied me out into the sunlight. As we walked down the long corridor, I wondered whether my pollution of the place would lead the maid to clean up the bird dung. I hoped so, anyway.

"I'm sorry about our caste restrictions," said Professor Modak. He looked up at me guiltily through his spectacles and added, "You might not suppose it, but when I was a young man I was considered a great radical. Yes indeed! Wells and Shaw were my heroes. It worried my parents a great deal." We walked slowly down the grey steps. The heat was intense. "When they chose a wife for me, therefore, my parents picked the daughter of a very conservative family. I follow the old customs now for her sake. You've seen my wife—how charming she is. I want to keep her and my parents happy. Besides, there is much in the old tradition that is wonderful. I am a good Hindu too. So there you are, my dear sir. But you must forgive me if I've hurt your feelings."

"Oh no, Professor Modak, you haven't, I assure you."

"But would you come again? That is the question. I would like to invite you again."

I hesitated, a bit puzzled, and looked at my host. "I'd be glad to come, but I don't want to put you to a lot of trouble. Wouldn't you have to go through all those purification ceremonies again?"

Professor Modak brightened. "Yes. And if we have a meal, the plates would be thrown away. But do you mind? You and I are above all that, are we not? My wife and my parents will be satisfied, if the proper regulations are observed. Meanwhile, I will have had the pleasure of your company. Won't you come?"

I laughed. "Of course. I'd be glad to."

He laughed too, and held out his hand. For a moment I was tempted to ask, "Won't you be polluted?" But I checked the question, knowing that Professor Modak would be wounded by it, and we shook hands warmly. Then, as he turned to go back, the professor waved in a jaunty fashion. Once more the whiteness of his shirt and his dhoti stunned my eyes in the bright sunlight. I waved back.

SAN FRANCISCO ENTERTAINING

(Continued from page 141)

dusting, then goes skiing with the younger children. When she comes home at noon she sets the table in the dining-living room; then gives the children their lunch at a serving counter that connects living room and kitchen. Somewhere along the way, she sets the stew on the fire to warm slowly and (a commendable gesture) puts plates in the oven to warm.

Mr. Meyer, as soon as he and the other grownups come in from skiing, functions as bartender. The pre-luncheon drink is usually hot buttered rum (made by adding hot water and rum to a special mix bought from Trader Vic's restaurant in San Francisco) or Bloody Marys. At this point Mrs. Meyer puts the salad together and toasts the French bread. Obviously, she is a hostess who works hard, but her party has a pleasant, easy pace and a genial quality suited to country living.

Two cooks—one of them, the hostess: Among the group in San Francisco for whom cooking is happily a ritual, is Mrs. Thomas Church. From Mrs. Church's point of view, marketing demands the same warm attention to detail as the preparation of a tricky sauce; she examines lettuce, hefts melons with a knowing hand, and speculatively sniffs the cheeses. Her household records show the amount of time required to shop; to prepare each dish in her repertoire. For a Saturday luncheon, she may begin making her plans as early as Monday.

A Westphalian ham in the offing might be the starting point. On Thursday, for the regular family dinner, Zena, Mrs. Church's French cook, will roast a chicken. Idea: leftover chicken, combined with ham and cheese, to fill thin pancakes, a rich, enormously good main dish. Mrs. Church's menu:

CHICKEN AND HAM PANCAKES*
CHOPPED SPINACH
BROILED TOMATOES
French Chablis or Almadén *vin rosé*
BAKED APPLE*
with Calvados
COFFEE

The schedule for Mrs. Church and Zena, who operate as a team, goes roughly like this: Friday morning Mrs. Church markets; Zena cuts up neatly the chicken and ham, makes the pancakes and stores them in the icebox. She cleans, cooks, chops, and stores the spinach. Saturday, the apples are baked under Mrs. Church's direction. The wine goes into the icebox; coffee is freshly ground. Zena sets the table and puts out a tray of glasses, dry sherry, and her special cheese straws. Then she sets out the spinach, and tomatoes to broil. Meanwhile Mrs. Church makes the sauce for the pancakes, arranges them in a baking dish. As the guests arrive, Zena pops the dish into the oven.

Free-lance maids and outside services: Mrs. Sherman Chickering plans a cocktail-supper party, sometimes, with a service run by the Pacific Union Club, which provides a main dish, hot, reliable, and ready to serve. The menu:

MRS. CHICKERING'S HORS D'OEUVRES
VENISON STEW
Louis Martini Cabernet
GREEN SALAD
CHEESE AND BISCUITS
ICE CREAM AND PETITS FOURS
COFFEE

Two free-lance maids come in the afternoon and, from Mrs. Chickering's own recipes, prepare hors d'oeuvres to be served with cocktails: small fillet steaks marinated in soya sauce, cooked, cut into thin strips, and served on toothpicks; and artichoke leaves, each with a dollop of mayonnaise on the edible edge and three San Francisco Bay shrimp. Several whole artichokes, large-leaved, ornamental ones, grown in the sandy soil of Half Moon Bay, are placed in the middle of a big serving platter; the individual leaves, each with its trio of shrimp, are banked around them. The main course, venison stew from the Club, is delivered to the kitchen door; later, the maids pour it into a handsome chafing dish placed on the sideboard in the dining room. Set out on the table are a wooden bowl of green salad, ripe Camembert cheese with water biscuits, and naturally the china, silver, and napkins. Guests serve themselves, then settle in the living room, some at the coffee tables, or on the floor, others with plates in laps. The maids pass a Louis

(Continued on page 180)



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(Continued from page 179)

Martini Cabernet, and, eventually, the stew for second servings. Later they clear the table in the dining room, and set out coffee ice cream (from a caterer) and *petits fours.* Coffee is served.

Thus, with careful, informed planning and the coordination of outside resources, Mrs. Chickering has staged a gay, relaxed party that leaves her household and the routines of her three young children nicely unruffled.

Calling up the reserves—San Francisco services: Among the famous free-lance help in the city are two delightful butlers, Thomas and Ernie, who, if consulted well in advance—"When are *you* free?" is the suggested approach—will come to the house early in the afternoon, bringing, if the hostess wishes, silver, plates, napkins, and glasses; they prepare hors d'oeuvres, tend bar, cook and serve, with the help of several auxiliary maids, an excellent dinner. Thomas, former butler and valet to the late Templeton Crocker, has the extra asset of a quick card-index mind that knows the idiosyncrasies of about eighty per cent of the guests at a San Francisco party. In Burlingame, there is another team who will cook a barbecue for a hundred people, collaborating with the resident cook, or operating with four free-lance or resident maids.

Three major services run by a restaurant, a club, and a department store, respectively, make reliable props for even a rather timid hostess. From David Brown's India House, the restaurant, and a famous one too, one can order by phone, with as little as three hours' notice, a lamb, chicken, or crab curry with rice, green salad, and a bottle of India House French dressing; seven condiments come with the curry, and the whole business is delivered by a rather dazzling East Indian who arrives by taxi in native dress.

One artfully prepared main dish can be ordered by the wife of any member from the Pacific Union Club—the venison stew Mrs. Chickering uses for her supper parties (described on page 179), or a beef and kidney pie; sweetbreads and mushrooms with Madeira; breast of pheasant, sauté Eugénie; guinea hen pie; or, for delectable simplicity, chicken pot pie.

In more complicated situations, The City of Paris, a department store catering service, produces, on twenty-four hours' notice, not only mouth-watering meals delivered to the back door in a rotisserie truck, but also silver candelabra, glasses, tablecloths, the elements of a bar, and a staff of maids and butlers. *Canard bigarade* is a specialty, as well as *poulet sauté chasseur, pâté de faisan en croûte, truites en gelée au porto,* or *gnocchis parisiennes;* and among desserts, for which the City of Paris service is famous, *pithivier* (a cake with almond filling), baked Alaska, *petits palmiers,* or *omelette norvégienne.*

RECIPES

From Mrs. Walker

SUKIYAKI

For six people

Use a heavy frying pan, large and deep, or a large chafing dish if the actual cooking is to be done at the table.

American Fish Market, a Japanese market in San Francisco, knows how to prepare the beef, but any butcher can be told how if you explain what the meat is to be used for. Commercial places use sirloin but it is not as good as rib. Two pounds make a generous serving of meat; increase or decrease the amount depending on the cannibal instincts of the guests.

2 lbs. paper thin sliced boneless rib beef.
1 head of Chinese cabbage, outer leaves removed, cut into 2" pieces.
1 can (1 lb.) Hime Brand bamboo shoots sliced thin
1 lb. fresh mushrooms sliced
2 bunches small green onions cut into 2" pieces, green part as well as heads
1 soy bean cake sliced into squares 1" x 2"
⅓ cupful of water
⅔ cupful Japanese shoyu sauce
5 teaspoonfuls sugar
2 pkgs. of bean sprouts
4 teaspoonfuls Japanese sake
2 teaspoonfuls Mee Soon seasoning
1 bunch harusame (long rice)
3½ cupfuls rice

Boil harusame in ½ cupful of water for 1 minute or until it swells, then pour off the water, strain the harusame, which is a long, thin, slippery rice and is served later on the same platter with the meat and vegetables.

Cut the meat into 2" strips, fat included. Rub the frying pan with some of the fat as the pan is slowly heating and then put in the ingredients in the following order: meat, bean sprouts, soy bean cake, bamboo shoots, mushrooms, cabbage, and onions. Put each in a separate place as though the pan were divided into sections. Sprinkle the sugar over all, then pour ⅓ cupful of water on slowly. Mix the Mee Soon into the shoyu and then pour that onto the mixture. Then add the sake, poking the mass all the time and keeping it moving. Press down gently on the greens to make their moisture ooze out and mix the vegetables with the meat.

Meanwhile the rice should be cooking in a separate pan. Masami covers his rice with 1" of water and cooks it slowly until the water disappears. Then he turns the heat down low and leaves it until the water evaporates completely. Then he leaves it on the stove with the heat off until he is ready to serve it.

Sukiyaki takes about a half hour to cook. It is served on a large platter, with each ingredient placed separately so that the guests can see each separate item and choose certain ones, or particular amounts of certain ones, according to their taste. The rice is usually passed first.

From Mrs. Walter Sullivan, junior

PANCAKES BAUER

Beat 6 whole eggs; add alternately (milk first) 3 cupfuls milk and 2 cupfuls flour which has been sifted. Add 2 tablespoonfuls vegetable oil and 1 teaspoonful salt. Beat until smooth. Pour from pitcher into hot frying pan (use size to make a *crêpe,* about 4 inches in diameter) containing melted butter, pouring so as to coat pan *thinly.* Cook on one side only and remove.



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Filling for pancakes:

Hard boil about 18 eggs. When they are cool, chop them fine, add salt and pepper and some chopped chives (optional). Then add just enough béchamel sauce to bind the eggs together (be sure the béchamel is thick). Put one heaping tablespoonful of this mixture in each pancake, on the uncooked side. Roll up and put side by side in a Pyrex dish; use the long rectangular one with the 3 inch depth. Cover with a thick cheese sauce made with Martin's cheese (a sharp cheddar), put in oven, and bake until heated through. Serve very hot.

ARTICHOKE HEARTS

Use only the hearts. Small inside leaves can also be used, but be careful to remove the prickly bits. Parboil about 5 minutes, then drain well. Cook them in hot olive oil, season; then when they are really cooked (test by pricking the hearts with a fork), add a little red wine which has been brought to a boil twice. Cook about 10 minutes, then serve.

RUSSICHE CREAM

8 egg yolks
1½ cupfuls sugar
7 tablespoonfuls rum
6 egg whites
1 pint whipping cream

Beat egg yolks and sugar until fluffy; add rum. Beat separately, until stiff, cream and egg whites; add to egg yolks and mix quickly and serve immediately.

From Mrs. Turner McBaine

PETITE MARMITE

2 lbs. beef and big marrow bones
1 whole chicken
4 lbs. of beef and veal bones
3 onions
3 long turnips, 4 carrots, 2 celery tops, 4 leeks
1 cabbage
½ teaspoonful chervil, 1 teaspoonful chives, ½ teaspoonful parsley
Salt and coarse pepper

Salt and pepper the beef and brown in a casserole over a hot fire about 10 minutes. In another casserole brown the chicken. Remove the marrow from 1 bone and set it aside. Then combine bones, browned beef, and chicken in a pot containing 6 quarts of cold water. Roast onions in the skins until brown and fragrant and add to soup pot. Then add turnips, peeled carrots, leeks, and celery tops. Put cabbage in separate pot and cover with cold salted water and boil. When it is tender rinse in cold water. Continue cooking in broth taken from soup pot. Skim soup when froth forms. After *an hour* of boiling, remove meat, chicken, and vegetables. Boil consommé for 4 hours more. Replace small pieces of chicken, leek, and carrot just before serving. Toast in oven slices of French bread rolls covered with grated Parmesan cheese. When ready to serve soup, add slice of poached marrow fat to each portion, placing on each slice a little chervil, chives, and parsley. Float cheese-covered toast on top and serve piping hot.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

14 eggs
16 squares Baker's semi-sweet chocolate
Whipping cream
Butter
Vanilla

Melt squares of chocolate in double boiler. Remove from fire and add to beaten yolks of eggs. Stir until smooth, then add ½ cupful of cream and ½ cupful of butter and stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Fold in whites thoroughly. Pour into individual glasses or *pot de crème* jars, chill if possible over night.

Sauce is any basic vanilla sauce with a dash of kirsch added; pour some on top of each *pot de crème*.

From Mrs. A. W. Bourn Vincent

EGGS ELISABETH

Take 18 small individual moulds. Line the insides with a thick layer of butter. Sprinkle with chopped truffles. Break an egg into each mould and add salt and pepper. Place in a pan of hot water to poach for 3 or 4 minutes. When cooked, remove from moulds and put each egg on a round piece of buttered toast.

Cover with Sauce Cupertino and place 1 round of truffle on top of each egg. Serve on a large platter.

SAUCE CUPERTINO

Brown 4 tablespoonfuls of flour in a frying pan. When brown, add 4 tablespoonfuls of butter; slowly add 1 can of

(Continued on page 182)



Dinner-dress news via Vespa

(Continued from page 125)

Young way to wear black for the little parties now, scooting about on a Vespa or not, with or without the short fluffing furs shown earlier: dress with a pointed cling of black worsted jersey (bares the neckline at front and back) that melds into a white satin cummerbund skirt for a curvier, prettier descending-line.
By Mollie Parnis; the silk-and-Orlon satin, by Wm. Rose. About $135.
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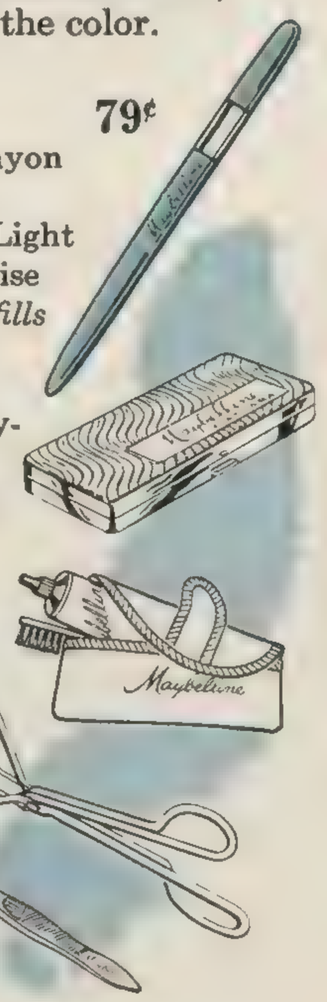
Fashion dictates that your eyes should be your most important feature—and you can bring out the color and clear look of your eyes by giving them a flattering background of eye shadow. It's so easy with the new Maybelline Eye Shadow Stick. The shadow can be the merest whisper, if you so desire—but if you wish a more dramatic effect, especially for evening wear, simply intensify the color.

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Choice of smart women the world over

SAN FRANCISCO ENTERTAINING

(Continued from page 181)

bouillon and 1 can of water; bring slowly to the boil, stirring constantly. Add ½ cupful of imported Madeira before serving. (Cupertino is the name of the town near the Vincent house.)

PHEASANT SUVAROV

Brown 6 pheasants in a skillet in fresh pork lard slowly until golden brown. Remove from pan and flame them in lighted cognac. Put them in a roasting dish that has been rubbed with *pâté de foie gras*; add 2 large truffles. Season with salt and pepper. Roast slowly for 1 hour in a covered dish. Serve with residue sauce from the roasting dish.

SALADE DE PARIS

Separate endives lengthwise. Never cut them across. Shell and halve 1 dozen white walnuts. Add 1 can of sliced beets. Mix in a large salad bowl with olive oil and vinegar and season with tarragon, salt, and pepper to your own taste.

From
Mrs. Gardiner Howland Meyer

OXTAIL STEW

Cut ½ lb. salt pork in tiny cubes and fry until crisp in butter. Dip 2 lbs. oxtail in well-seasoned flour. Brown well in salt pork and butter. Place in a casserole. Brown 12 small onions and 12 small carrots, cut in rounds. Add to casserole mixture, also add some celery stalks. Add 1 cupful bouillon and 2 cupfuls red wine, a bay leaf and 6 Spice Islands peppercorns. Cover tightly and cook very slowly, on top of stove, until tender—about 3 hours.

From Mrs. Thomas Church
(this is her style for writing recipes)

CHICKEN AND HAM PANCAKES

Utensils: For making the pancakes *(crêpes)*, 2 frying pans with sloping sides are needed, each about 6 inches in diameter. It is desirable to keep these for this purpose only, and, after using, not to immerse in water, but sprinkle with salt and wipe out carefully with paper napkins.

Ingredients: 1 cupful bread flour, about 1½ cupfuls milk, 1 egg, 1 tablespoonful vegetable oil. 1 tablespoonful sherry, salt.

Method: Sift flour and salt into mixing bowl, making a hole in centre. Into this break the egg, add oil, sherry, and begin mixing as you add the milk gradually. The batter must be smooth and no thicker than the consistency of thick cream. Heat the pans until a drop of water sizzles. Before cooking the first *crêpe*, pan may be lightly greased with butter but this should not be necessary. Pour into first pan just enough batter to cover the bottom of pan so that the pancake will be as thin as a handkerchief. If too much batter, pour off into bowl. Lift with knife to follow progress and prevent sticking and, when lightly browned, turn. The second side will not be as brown as first, and this will be the inside of the pancake. Pile *crêpes* on one another and roll in waxed paper to store in icebox. This operation should take about an hour and may be done several days in advance. The record is 29 *crêpes*, but 24 is good.

Filling

Utensils: A heavy aluminum pan for making cream sauce. Baking dish that may come to the table.

Ingredients: 1½ cupfuls cream sauce, ½ cupful ham, ½ cupful chicken, ½ cupful Swiss cheese, all cut in cubes of equal size. Salt, white pepper, mustard comprise the seasonings; an additional grating of nutmeg works wonders with bland sauces.

Method: Make a fairly thick cream sauce and add chicken and ham, which have been lightly tossed in butter. When slightly cooled, add cheese cubes. Place 1 tablespoonful filling in centre of each *crêpe*, roll and place in buttered serving dish, dot with butter and place in hot oven for 20 minutes.

BAKED APPLE

Utensils: Baking dish which may go to the table.

Ingredients: Cooking-apples (one to a serving); Calvados (or apple cider), 1 tablespoonful per apple as well as 1 tablespoonful white sugar; 1 teaspoonful butter; grating of nutmeg; lemon rind; squeeze of lemon, sprinkling of cinnamon.

Method: Wash and core apples, dry, and rub skin lightly with butter. Place in buttered baking dish and fill each cavity with butter, sugar, seasonings, and liqueur. Place in 350° F. oven and cover for first half hour. Finish baking uncovered and if necessary, baste with a mixture of hot water and lemon juice with a little of the liqueur added. An hour's cooking time should suffice, but apples vary and they may be considered done when easily pierced with a fork and nicely glazed. Serve with thick cream.



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The Appendix

BY NANCY GRACE

Brewster stopped outside the dining-room door and leaned against one side of it, looking in. In the kitchen he could hear his mother's voice talking monotonously with the cook and, through the closed door behind him, the sound of his brother taking a piano lesson drifted heavily.

It accentuated the restless feeling Brewster had almost all the time lately, of having something important to do without being able to remember what it was. "Silent Night. Holy Night. All is caaaaaalm." His brother really was terrible at playing the piano. Brewster hesitated a moment, tightened his left side into the slightly crooked position he always tried to keep it in and limped across the room. But he had only gotten halfway there when his father's voice stopped him.

"Brewster."

Brewster stopped, looking up. His father was still at the breakfast table staring at him over the top of a newspaper.

"Does your side hurt you?"

"No," Brewster said.

"Well, will you please tell me why you must walk like that?"

Brewster paused, considering the question. He kept his side like that not because the scar from his operation hurt, but just in case it might hurt. The difference was too slight to explain, so he waited for his father to disappear again behind the paper before he continued stiffly across the room. At the far end of the table from his father he stopped and dropped into a chair. Then he reached into his pocket and took his appendix out.

In the beginning, when the doctor had first given him the appendix, Brewster hadn't been able to believe that it was really real. The appendix was long and thin with a crooked place in one end and it had been floating in the bottle of white stuff that had an acrid, faintly stinging smell, just as it was now. Brewster had taken it to school with him the first day he went back after his operation, and everyone had crowded around him at recess, all wanting to see it at once. At first, Brewster wouldn't let them touch it, only look, but in the end he had given in and let them pass around.

"Be careful of the cork," he told them. "Don't let it drop."

"Gee, is that a real appendix?"

"No kidding."

"I never saw one of them before."

"Smell it," Brewster had suggested generously. Lately the smell had been getting weaker and he didn't even like to smell it much himself. But in the beginning he hadn't minded at all. Anyone could take a smell.

"How did they get it out?"

"They cut a hole in my stomach," Brewster said, "and took it out."

Remembering the hole in his stomach always brought his operation back into objectivity and he touched his scar cautiously with one hand. No, it didn't hurt yet. Not yet. Then he edged toward his father and laid the appendix down on the table, hoping to make him look up. Lately it had become more interesting to show the appendix than to look at it himself. His father continued to read and Brewster studied him disinterestedly. He was wearing a sweater today instead of a jacket and necktie shirt, because it was Saturday, and instead of going to the office, he would go out to play golf. The idea bored Brewster, just as everything else did and he picked up the appendix and stuck it upright in the sugar bowl. It looked rather well balanced there and Brewster shifted his position several times to admire it. Then he laid one hand on the table and moved it with little spider-like motions across the table. The appendix was a man and Brewster's hand was a spider that was going to bite him. The man was standing on a high place, not knowing the spider was here, and the spider was coming closer and closer, sneaking around be-

(Continued on page 184)



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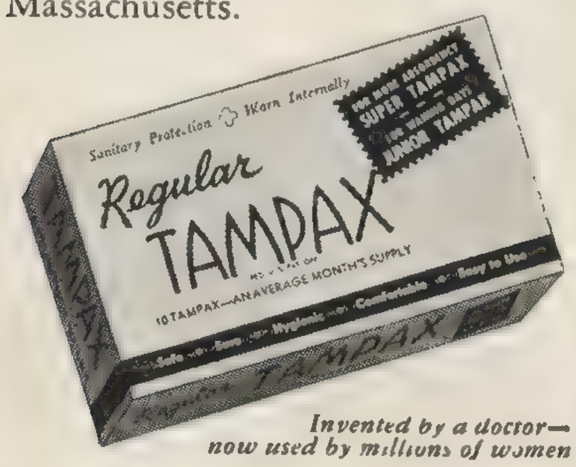
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THE APPENDIX

(Continued from page 183)

hind. Brewster closed his eyes inadvertently as the spider leaped forward. There was the sudden sound of glass against glass, mingled with a liquid sound.

"Brewster!"

Brewster opened his eyes.

His father's paper had fallen into his lap and he was removing the appendix from a half empty cup of coffee. He dropped it on the table beside his plate gingerly and grabbed at a napkin to wipe the coffee off his hands.

"What do you mean by putting that thing in my coffee?"

"I didn't do it," Brewster said.

"Well, if you didn't, I'd like to know who did."

"I didn't do it." Brewster said again. "It just fell in."

"How could it just fall in?" His father's voice was rising nervously. "Really, Brewster, this is going too far."

The sound of voices in the kitchen stopped suddenly and Brewster's mother appeared at the kitchen door.

"Brewster," she said, "what is the matter now?"

"It's that appendix," his father said, "I just took it out of my coffee."

"Really, Brewster. I don't see any excuse for that."

Brewster picked the appendix up. It bobbled rather sadly in the white stuff and left a trail of coffee across the table and on the floor. He was just wiping the bottle off neatly, on one side of his corduroy trousers, when mother started up again.

"Brewster! Stop wiping that thing on your clean trousers. Put it down at once."

Brewster waited motionless. First she told him to pick it up and then she told him to put it down. It was typical of her, typical. He eyed his mother critically, seeing all her shortcomings, her habit of moving her mouth too much, her softness, her way of always thinking of something else.

"Why don't you go outside to play? Why don't you call Radcliffe up?"

"He hasn't been outside of the house since his operation."

"Brewster, put that appendix down at once and go outside."

Brewster's hand on the bottle tightened apprehensively. There was the familiar stinging sensation in his nose of being about to cry and he twisted it, trying to make the feeling go away. It was his own appendix out of his own stomach and now she was trying to take it away from him. Probably she wanted to flush it down the toilet like she had his brother's dead goldfish. Self-pity rose inside him overwhelmingly.

"Can't I keep it?" he asked. "It's mine."

His father reached for the newspaper and shook it into place.

"All right, keep it," he said, his voice was calm now in a determined way that might not last. "Keep the morbid thing. But if you ever bring it into this dining room again, it's going to disappear for good. For good. Do you understand?"

Brewster understood almost without hearing. Before his father had stopped speaking, he was out of the dining-room door and hurrying toward the front door. Behind him, he could hear his brother's piano lesson, still going on. "All is caaaaaalm. All is briiiiiight." His brother always played too loud like that just before he got stuck. Ordinarily Brewster would have waited to hear the teacher bawl him out, but today the old urgency was there, driving him on to do something that he couldn't quite remember. He pushed open the side door, slamming it behind him and swung one leg over the railing of the porch. Then he paused to slide his appendix into one pocket before he dropped down into the flower bed below.

The grass was short, except for bunches of onion grass here and there, and Brewster headed for the end of the yard. He walked unseeingly, absorbed in his own thoughts. Everything was quiet and half dark and they were wheeling him down the long hallway again. He lay very still, watching the long ceiling roll past on top of him and hearing his mother's heels echoing behind him on the hospital floor. She had been standing there when the elevator doors opened and closed and opened again and then, when he had turned to find her the next time, his mother had been gone.

"Mother," he had screamed. "Come back. Come get me. I want to go home."

But his mother hadn't come. Instead, there had been the murmur of strange voices and strange

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Suit by Zelinka Matlick #310 shown on page 39

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DEMETRA and the headless doll

A little doll, wilted and headless, is a thing of wonder to Demetra. It is the only toy she's ever owned. Demetra's doll is a symbol, a symbol of the bitter poverty which grips Greece—torn and shattered by war and earthquake.

The only "home" Demetra has ever known is a large warehouse in Athens partitioned with ropes and rags to make "rooms" for many refugee families. Demetra's father cannot find employment in poverty-stricken Greece; her mother has even sold her own winter jacket to buy milk for her baby. Demetra's parents pray that someone, somewhere, will help them care for their little daughter.

HOW YOU CAN HELP DEMETRA

YOU can help Demetra or another needy baby through the Baby Sponsorship plan of **Save The Children Federation.** For $60 a year, just $5 a month, SCF will send "your" baby food, clothing, warm bedding and many other essential items—in your name, in Austria, Finland, France, Western Germany, Greece, Italy or Korea. Full information about "your" baby and a photograph will be sent to you. You may correspond with the family to add understanding and warm friendship to your generous gift. The cost of an SCF Baby Sponsorship is so small—the good is so great.

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THE APPENDIX

(Continued from page 184)

hands on his shoulders pushing him down, holding him.

"Mother, don't let them. Come get me."

But the hands had only gone on holding him tighter and tighter, forcing the rubber thing suffocatingly against his face.

Brewster twisted his head now, as he remembered it. What if they came and got him again? What if he woke up again in the middle of the night with the pain that kept coming back and then going away and they had to take his appendix out again? At the end of the lawn, he stopped for a moment, looking around. Then he saw the big rock and knew at once that that would be the best place.

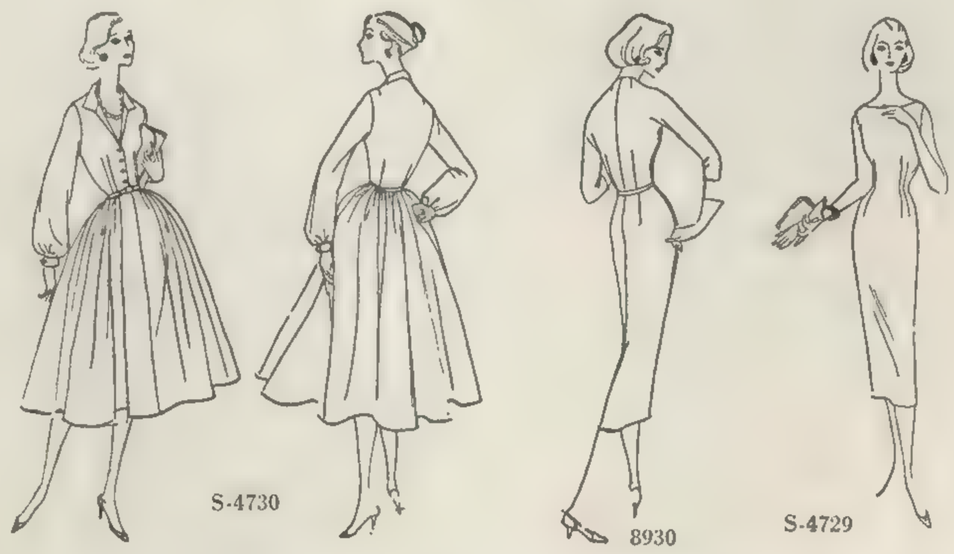
The big rock was almost hidden in the summer by the sumac and tall weeds that grew up around it, but today you could see it like a huge cat, lying down among the thin trees. There was poison ivy mixed up with the other vines that grew around the big rock and broken twigs blown down by the winter rains. Brewster jumped through the tangle, watching out for dark red leaves. Once in the open place at the top he paused, looking around him for a good stick. Then he found a short, broken branch, and he picked it up, knelt down and began to dig.

Quickly, first, he scraped back the layer of wet dead leaves. The earth was black underneath them and crumbled easily as Brewster cut it with the point of his stick. He leaned forward to work, alternately breaking the soft earth and then pushing it to one side with his hands. Somewhere, not too far away, a dog barked. Brewster continued to work, absorbed. The restless feeling he had all morning was gone now and had

(Continued on page 188)

VOGUE PATTERNS

(Alternate views, sizes, yardages, of the Patterns shown on pages 146-147)



Above, left (two views): Pattern S-4730, a shirtwaist dinner dress with long sleeves, gathered skirt—at its prettiest here, in brocade. Sizes 10 to 18 (31 to 38). For size 14, you'll need 4¾ yards of fabric 48 inches wide, with nap. $1.

Above, right (back view): Pattern 8930, "Very Easy to Make," brocade dinner sheath. The Pattern also includes a sleeveless version, in which the centre seams are optional. Sizes 10 to 18 (31 to 38). Size 14 requires 3⅛ yds. of 50" fabric, with nap. 60 cents.

Above, far right (front view): Pattern S-4729, "Easy to Make." Sleeveless brocade dinner sheath with a deep V-back. Sizes 10 to 18 (31 to 38). For size 14: 1⅞ yds. of 48-inch fabric, with nap. $1.50.

VOGUE PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT IMPORTANT SHOPS IN EVERY CITY OR BY MAIL (POSTAGE PREPAID), FROM DEPARTMENT V, VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE, GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT; AND IN CANADA, AT 198 SPADINA AVE., TORONTO, ONTARIO. (Some pattern prices are slightly higher in Canada.) Note: Connecticut residents please add sales tax. These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 5c additional for each pattern ordered.

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Discoveries in beauty—for fashion

(Continued from page 131)

MIEHLMANN



Further discovery for face-veils:
a new eye shadow as easy to carry around, and, use, as a lipstick; Maybelline's Eye Shadow Stick, in a gilt swivel case. Iridescent colours (Sapphire Blue, Turquoise, for example).

Discovery for wide coiffures:
the wider implications of keeping them unruffled, gleaming; keeping ends under control. Dusharme's Hair-Sheen Wave-Creme does this; conditions hair, too. In jars (3 or 1¼ oz.) or a tube (1¼ oz.) Arnold Constable.

Discovery for sports-car coats:
new protection for the skin they *don't* cover. Barbara Gould's pink, pleasant Winter Wonder Lotion is a "windshield" for the skin—it contains silicones. Nice for hands, body, too—Vespa-owners, please note. At Altman's.

Further discovery for romantic hats:
a complexion as flawless as a romantic heroine's. If yours isn't, try washing oily or troubled areas twice a day with Jacqueline Cochran's specially medicated Clear Complexion Soap. Work up a good lather; rinse; blot dry. Three cakes to a box. Altman's.

Discovery for the romantic look:
the need for the most perfect grooming ever, everywhere. Adjunct to leg-grooming is the Lady Ronson Electric Shaver, small, frivolous-looking, but wonderfully efficient. Comes in four colors, adorned with a fake jewel. AC only. About $15. Lord & Taylor.





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Mrs. Exeter's list

Chances are, Mrs. Exeter has spent all summer coping with grandchildren at her house in the country—and having shipped off the last stray sandpail and size 4 beach robe, she's Alone At Last. Now, to plunge into the subject of new clothes (our guess is that Mrs. E. can hardly wait to plunge into some new ones!). The good news in this issue may wear a Paris or American label, but much of it is good news for Mrs. Exeter all the same. She'll hardly overlook the flattery of veiled hats—such as the veiled, enchanting pouf of white feathers on page 97; of sleeved black dinner dresses (long or street-length); of the new haul of soft, long-maned furs. If she likes to build her wardrobe from a coat, there's a beautifully soft navy-blue cashmere one on page 110; a blond, lynx-collared one (page 145) that could be a city-country coat for mobile Mrs. Exeters. The furs on pages 126-127 are both possibilities for her, visually at any rate—one of mink, softly-handled in a new circular treatment; the other of sleek black broadtail.

One of the Chanel tweed costumes on pages 108-109 has a coat that would be delicious with other things besides its own tweed skirt; the tweed suit across the way from it is a suit, pure and simple, and should be marvellous on a slender woman of almost any age. For town, Mrs. Exeter might consider the black suit on page 113—softly tailored, the jacket cut in a sort of gentle slope, and collared in black Persian lamb.

For evening, the season's blacks and the new softer browns are all, depending on how they're cut, inducements for Mrs. Exeter. When she's entertaining at home, she might appear to wonderful advantage in the costume on page 115—a dress of very soft, almost cocoa-brown silk marquisette, and a vicuña sweater-jacket rimmed with baum marten. This would be fine, too, to take on *elegant* country week ends when it's probable she'll dress for dinner. Perhaps the long evening suit of black velvet with a becoming froth of white organdie, on page 132, will catch Mrs. Exeter's eye; or the short black theatre suit on page 128. Or, there's a sleeved black dress on page 134 that would be wonderful for tall Mrs. Exeters.

No one could wear the shoes on pages 138-139 more charmingly than Mrs. Exeter, who'll probably spot the fashion influence (1910) at once—and who may recognize, too, the influence of *My Fair Lady* (she's seeing it again this autumn for the third time). If Mrs. E. sews at all, the shirtwaist dinner dress on page 146 might appeal to her—it's almost as easy of execution as it is easy in cut, and the fabric (gold silk brocade), makes it elegant enough for many of Mrs. Exeter's evening engagements, at home or abroad. Pages 148-149 (new tall-waisted girdles and all-in-ones), might help to establish Mrs. E.'s waistline on a new higher level. And if her figure is already slight—slight enough to wear junior sizes—she'll doubtless realize that many of the "junior" fashions on pages 152 to 155 may be for her; they're "junior" only in sizing, not in fashion-importance.

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THE APPENDIX

(Continued from page 185)

been replaced by a sense of appropriateness and purpose. Once or twice his stick struck a small stone and he stopped to throw it aside. The wetness sank through the knees of his trousers pleasantly and the damp earth darkened his hands.

When the hole was just deep enough, Brewster took his appendix out of his pocket and laid it inside.

It bobbled once and then lay still. Brewster hesitated. His brother's dead goldfish had bobbled like that, sort of wagging its tail a little bit, just before it had disappeared forever from sight down the toilet. Indecision set in, and Brewster waited for a moment, one hand on the mound of soft earth. Then the dog barked again and Brewster raised his head to listen. It sounded like the barn dog. The barn dog hated Radcliffe and it always barked that way when Radcliffe and his sisters went past the barn. Probably they were going to the stream to fish. They would be going down the stream way, cutting through the squashy place along the milk house wall, carrying their strainers and milk bottles to put the crayfish in. Radcliffe would be out in front with a stick to scare the barn dog, and Pauline would be next, carrying the strainers, and Pagie would be last, as always, saying, "Wait for me. Oh, please wait for me." If he hurried up. . . .

Very carefully, so as not to let it move again, Brewster pushed the soft earth over the top of his appendix and patted the grave neatly down. Then he glanced around for a good stone. There was one big one, almost buried and too big, and several dirty stones and one broken brick. Brewster regarded the broken brick thoughtfully. No. It wouldn't be good enough. He could look for a better stone down the stream. He patted the grave affectionately once or twice before he straightened up.

Then he hurled his stick into the air, and, with the satisfaction of someone who has at last found something important enough to do, went jumping away through the poison ivy in the direction of the stream.

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